

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIII. No. 1625:

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1960

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CHICAGO



Charles II being offered by the royal gardener, John Rose, a pineapple, said to have been the first grown in England: a painting belonging to the Marchioness of Cholmondeley ascribed to Hendrick Danckerts (see page 883)

Publicity and Public Affairs

By Melvin J. Lasky

Tanganyika: a People Full of Hope

By Kathleen Stahl

Casanova: the Perfect Adventurer

By Owen Holloway

The Case of Mr. Ma Yin-chu

By Stephan Schattmann

The Planet Uranus

By Patrick Moore

'Our Experience of God'

By H. D. Lewis and David Jenkins

You go see ?



Advertisers all contortionists. Pat own backs. Musical but independent.
Never borrow trumpets. *Result ! Nobody believes . . .*

(What's that? *You do?* Oh, dear Sir, overwhelmed . . . *You too, Madam?*
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On behalf Wilmot Bree . . . Proudest moment of . . . Forgive manly tears!)

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Victoria-Dover (Douvres). Dover-Calais (packet).
Calais-Constantinople (bicycle). Cross Bosphorus (jack).
Camel to Cathay (Asiae continens, largely ignotus).
Cathay Aeroport-New Zealand (helicopt).
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The Listener

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Thursday May 19 1960

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AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:	B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	886
Publicity and Public Affairs (Melvin J. Lasky) ...	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Tanganyika: a People Full of Hope (Kathleen Stahl) ...	From H. H. Lamb, Beatrice Dillistone, Joy Cameron,	
The Cradle of Nationalism (Maurice Shock) ...	J. M. H. Boumphrey, and Esmé Wynne-Tyson ...	889
The Case of Mr. Ma Yin-chu (Stephan Schattmann) ...	NEWS FROM THE ZOOS (photographs) ...	892
THE LISTENER:	THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE:	
Children at Play ...	Reviews (A. P. Ryan, W. K. C. Guthrie, David Paul,	
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ...	Francis Watson, Sir Alec Randall, L. Harrison Matthews,	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	Keith Sutton, Mario Praz, and James Reeves) ...	893
An Eminent Scottish Naturalist (A. D. Peacock) ...	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Norwich Is Alone (Basil Maine) ...	Television Documentary (Hilary Corke) ...	898
The Weld Lute Book (Robert Spencer) ...	Television Drama (Irving Wardle) ...	899
ASTRONOMY:	Sound Drama (Frederick Laws) ...	899
The Slow-moving Planet Uranus (Patrick Moore) ...	The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson) ...	900
ARCHITECTURE:	Music (Edward Lockspeiser) ...	900
Charles Holden, Craftsman-Architect (Sir William Holford) ...	MUSIC:	
BIOGRAPHY:	Key, Ostinato, Row (Hans Keller) ...	903
Casanova: the Perfect Adventurer (Owen Holloway) ...	GARDENING:	
POEMS:	Gardening to be done in May (F. H. Streeter) ...	904
The Heron (Phoebe Hesketh) ...	BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ...	904
Stirrings (I. H. Seed) ...	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	906
HISTORY:	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	906
Charles II: 'The Black Boy' (Maurice Ashley) ...	CROSSWORD NO. 1,564 ...	906
RELIGION:		
'Our Experience of God' (H. D. Lewis and David Jenkins) ...		

Publicity and Public Affairs

MELVIN J. LASKY on the power of the press

HOW effective is the authority of ministers and governors in this era of the journalist, this era when public opinion can really be swayed only by the men who control the headlines and the news? A roving reporter from Germany decides to publish a rash and ill-considered remark of a French general and there is, as a direct consequence, a governmental crisis in Paris and a minor civil war in Algiers. An American correspondent is given a 'leak' about alleged *Bundeswehr* military bases in Spain and there follows an important crisis among Nato allies and a serious worsening of Anglo-German relations.

Nor is this a mere matter of occasional scoops and sensations. The press is called, in the ponderous jargon of our day, the 'media of mass communication', but the enormous press corps with its reporters, correspondents, columnists, resident and roving editors, experts and special representatives, is no longer a simple 'medium'. It continues to convey but also, more and more, to control; it is not satisfied to remain an intermediary conductor but becomes increasingly the source of light and heat; it is, often, both means and ends. That a press lord has genuine power is, of course, not a new thing. But this power has now become democratized and shared by every once lowly representative in the corridors of world affairs.

If there is such a thing as 'a power élite', the gentlemen of the press, both in Europe and in America, have been moving close to its centre. More often than not, it is they who serve as the watchdogs of democratic institutions, they who announce public policies to the nation and exercise an influence on popular moods and electoral voting trends.

We have known, in history, oligarchy and theocracy, plutocracy

and rule of the Third Estate; I would not want to venture a prediction about the future of the 'fourth estate' as a 'reportocracy' or 'journal-archy'. But the power of the press has grown, in our open, free, democratized and internationalized society, to a historical force of major proportions. A reporter, bearing no authority other than accreditation by a newspaper, wire-service, or radio-television network, has become part of the privileged officialdom in every world capital. He not infrequently looms larger, with his pencil and little notebook in hand scribbling the fragments of a story, than the real and famed power holder on the other side of the desk—for all men in public life have come to be obsessed with the outline of their public images, and they are curiously convinced that they really come to know themselves only through the reflections in a press which has managed to establish itself as the authentic repository of public opinion. An American observer, studying the reporter's growing influence over the executive, legislative, and judiciary branches of the United States Government, has gone so far (and in this he has had the assent of Walter Lippmann) as to speak of him as the head of 'the fourth branch of government'.

I do not know whether this is either necessary or inevitable, or whether it is encouraging or alarming. At the risk of appearing rather pedantic I would submit that this is a subject about which we know little. We read what the newspapers say, but we do not study them; we see too much of them to be able to see what they are doing. We cannot make out the real story for the headlines, or the pattern of things because of the make-up. The Germans have a fine and formidable word for it—*Zeitungswissenschaft*, the 'science of the press', and they make a vague, misty attempt at pursuing it at their universities. But, by and large, we are reading

our newspapers in the dark. Our *Zeitungswissenschaftler*, our 'scientist of the newspapers', has little on his bookshelf: a few newspapers and magazines record their fortunes, more or less piously; a few writers and editors assemble their books of adventure and anecdote. Most strange, I think, this professional deformation which blinds them to possibly the most interesting and important story of them all: not merely how they get their story, and when, and where, but also *why*: this is what we want to know. It is high time, I would urgently suggest, that the journalists who put questions to all the world (and properly so) begin putting a few questions to themselves. Who shall report on the reporters?

McCarthyism round the World

Consider the problem of the newspapers and their relationship to the American phenomenon of McCarthyism. This might almost serve as an ideal case-study for our subject of 'the press, publicity, and public affairs'. A thousand reporters in Washington, D.C., armed with notebooks and cameras, sent this story round the world and it commanded front-page headlines everywhere. I recall in the year 1953, when the Senator was at the height of his career, I found myself arguing about 'witch-hunting' and 'book-burning', 'loyalty hearings' and 'security charges' in every urban centre I visited, from Paris and Belgrade to New Delhi and Tokyo. McCarthy was, indeed, 'the first American ever to be discussed and described as being himself a menace to the comity of nations and the strength of alliances . . . the first American ever to be actively hated and feared by foreigners in large numbers . . .'

News is news, I suppose, and I cannot as an American honestly protest against the bad publicity. Regrettable only was the note of hysterical fatalism about so many of the despatches in the world press; McCarthyism was triumphant, American liberty was lost, there was no shred of hope for the half bewitched, half terrorized nation. Who among the journalists in those awful and confusing years reported that there was little terror and even less bewitchment, that the demagogue who was having a temporary field-day would be 'ultimately' or 'sooner or later' crushed by the traditional strength of American democratic institutions? And so he was, and I would like to believe that there were occasional twinges of shame and embarrassment on the part of those doom-obsessed observers who were prompted by the melodramatic appearance of things to write off so hastily, so faithlessly, the oldest constitutional republic in the West.

But if the foreign press could, with some justice, be faulted for misleading public opinion, how much more so America's own press which was, after all, the source of almost all the foreign despatches? Indeed, the American press has been accused of being the 'sole responsible agency for the phenomenal rise of McCarthy'. Was it the headlines which made and unmade the man? How true and serious an explanation is it to attribute to the irresponsible sensationalism of newspapers the rise and fall (there was no time for a decline) of this amazing crusader against communism who, as his recent biographer says, was 'like Hitler, a screamer, a political thug, a master of the mob, an exploiter of popular fears . . . [who] denounced and accused and blamed and insulted and vilified and demeaned'. How had the press acquitted itself in the test-case of McCarthyism?

Why Pick on the Press?

But first let me add a word of caution. It would be folly to rejoice in the end of McCarthyite witch-hunting, only to begin hunting for other witches in the bar of Washington's National Press Club or behind typewriters in editorial offices in New York or Los Angeles. Why pick on the press? Why not on the President—who, after all, refused to challenge the Republican Senator from Wisconsin until very late in the day? Why not on the Senate—for ninety-five other powerful Senators allowed one man to manipulate their procedures and violate their traditions? Why not on the Foreign Service—for what did the diplomats, including the senior representative, Mr. John Foster Dulles, do except appease and retreat? Surely any objective inquiry into the causes of McCarthyism would divide and apportion blame and criticism among many persons and institutions; no valid historical explanation can be monolithic. Nevertheless there remains, I would

suggest, a significant difference between the role of the press and the role of these other contributing factors.

McCarthyism was the product of a unique historical situation which is never likely to arise again in the same shape or form. It was, in part, 'the product of the cold war', of the bewildering international tensions of the duel with Soviet Russian power. There *was* a serious communist menace, and there had at one time even been a dangerous penetration (whether by agents or fellow-travellers) into governmental and private organizations. There was the war in Korea and its distressing effect on millions of Americans who were at once dutifully militant, guiltily prosperous, and politically confused. There was a powerful Republican Party eager to enjoy national power for the first time in a generation and, given the predominantly one-party nature—that is, Republican nature—of newspaper ownership in America, not beyond a conventional bit of opportunistic demagoguery. There was the traditional American (the words are those of Charles Dickens), 'distrustfulness, mean suspicions, and unworthy doubts', aggravated by the aftermath of the Alger Hiss revelations (for if this clean-cut Harvard hero was guilty, what could not conceivably be believed about anyone?). There were all those status-conflicts and resentments of a dynamic, uprooted post-war society which the sociologists told us had given rise to a 'new American Right'. There was also a new and inexperienced President, not very strong in political courage and foresight, representing a self-satisfied citizenry who were unprepared for libertarian militance and were uneasily disposed, after the ideological stress of a 'generation on trial', to the sacrifice of available scapegoats. There was a scattered, atomized, 'liberal-left' movement which had not thought its way much beyond the halcyon, New Deal nineteen-thirties, when Roosevelt had recognized the Soviet Union and communists were accepted as extreme democrats or more radical progressives.

A 'Hero of Evil'

Finally—last, but as his biographer Richard Rovere has been insisting*, far from being the least—there was Tail-gunner Joe himself, 'the most gifted demagogue ever bred on the American shores; no bolder seditionist ever moved among us—nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind . . .' Rovere finds him a man of formidable proportions, a 'hero of evil'.

So McCarthyism came to pass, as mysterious and unique as anything that happens once and suddenly in history, and as understandable when, after the event, all things are considered and taken together. But there was nothing wrong with the institution as such of the Presidency, or the Republican Party, or the State Department, or the Senate, which a little more character and courage could not have corrected. Can the same be said for the institution of the press? Was its behaviour during those 'four sordid shameful years' a passing aberration, a temporary failing, a lapse from high calling, or was it some organic deficiency in its very structure which must lead it to spiritual surrender and intellectual betrayal again and again?

In the recent exchange between Mr. Arthur Webb, an English journalist who had served in Washington, and Mr. Alfred Friendly, the highly-respected managing editor of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, the issues were put with the burning clarity of angry polemicists. The charge was harsh: the whole of McCarthyism had been created by the American newspapers; every reporter knew the truth, but few wrote it, because few newspapers were interested in the facts; the press feeds on sensations, and the wilder the accusations became, the bigger the lies, the larger the headlines became; had the McCarthy campaign been reported on inside pages with non-committal headlines, little more would have been heard of it all. The reply to this charge was indignant: 'The best of the American newspapers, feeling from the beginning that McCarthy was peddling a pack of lies, accompanied the publication of them with lengthy reportage—not to mention denunciations on the leader-pages—seeking to lay bare the truth'.

Yet the truth, laid bare here and there, did not prevail. In January 1954 a Gallup Poll indicated that some 29 per cent. of

(concluded on page 891)

* *Senator Joe McCarthy*, by Richard Rovere (Methuen, 18s.), reviewed in THE LISTENER of March 3

A People Full of Hope

KATHLEEN STAHL on the end of multi-racialism in Tanganyika

FIVE years of manoeuvring for political power in Tanganyika are now over. The Government's announcement of last December heralds a decisive shift of power to the Africans, who comprise 98 per cent. of the population. Racial parity as a constitutional principle has been abandoned. Its theory was that Africans, Asians, and Europeans, irrespective of their numbers, should be equally represented in the government of the country. The present Legislative Council reflects this principle, but when its unofficial members were returned after the first general election ever to be held in Tanganyika, in 1958 and 1959, and it was found that the successful candidates, whether European, Asian, or African, had all got in on the party ticket of the Tanganyika African National Union, it was evident that the brute majority had won.

December's announcement ratified this. It made the political direction clear. Tanganyika is going to be an African state. A general election to be held in September 1960 is to see the beginning of responsible African government under a Chief Minister, almost certainly Mr. Julius Nyerere, founder and undisputed leader of the Tanganyika African National Union. While the next general election after that, due in 1964, will see the country on the verge of independence.

The announcement thus brought to an end a period of indecision in government policy and of perplexity among the inhabitants, the 8,500,000 Africans, 70,000 Asians, and 20,000 Europeans who make up the people of Tanganyika. The needs and problems of the country remain: indeed, they look more naked now that the fog-blanket has lifted, particularly the need to increase the pitifully small number of Africans who have been equipped to run the country. But at least these are now straight issues, and that represents an enormous gain.

In 1954 Julius Nyerere, the son of a small chief and a graduate of Edinburgh University, founded the Tanganyika African National Union, Tanu for short. The following year he made a speech to the Visiting Mission of the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, asking that a time-table should be laid down under which, within twenty years time, by 1974, Tanganyika should become fully self-governing. In fact, as things stand

now, Tanganyika will be independent eight or nine years earlier. But in 1955 this speech had the effect of a bombshell on the paternal British rulers of the country.

The Tanganyika Government was from the first diametrically opposed to Tanu. The Government argued that it was committed to making a multi-racial state, whereas Tanu was aiming for an African state. So long as Tanu aimed for this and Europeans were left out, then, the Government said, it could not treat with the movement. In 1955 Mr. Nyerere was presented with the ultimatum of either giving up his teaching job or his political activity. He gave up his job.

Meanwhile the Government unsuccessfully attempted to extend the theory of multi-racial rule at both central and local levels. In 1955, as a rival attraction to Tanu, the Government sponsored the formation of the multi-racial United Tanganyika Party. This was an odd party. Its founding fathers were the unofficial members in Legislative Council, the ten Africans, ten Asians, and ten Europeans who had been nominated by the Governor to represent the people of Tanganyika in their government. In the two years of its twilight existence the United Tanganyika Party never came to life because, for different reasons, none of the three racial communities wanted it. Its formation, however, did have one considerable effect: it provoked Tanu into increasing its demands and asking for immediate elections.

As the United Tanganyika Party petered out, the Government brought out the other card in its hand, that of the chiefs as a counter-balance to Tanu. Could they be brought together, perhaps to form an upper house of the Legislative Council? But it was too late in the day to start encouraging chiefs to see each other. Though many chiefs were at first hostile or confused in their attitude towards Tanu, they saw themselves becoming little isolated islands in the midst of their people if they did not throw in their lot with the movement.

A period of legislative repression begun in 1957 had no more adverse effect on the vitality of Tanu. The banning of certain public meetings, speakers, Tanu branches, the green shirts and blouses worn by Tanu members, all culminated in July 1958 with the Crown



Mr. Julius Nyerere, leader of the Tanganyika African National Union, being chaired by his supporters after the announcement that the British Government had agreed to the holding of a general election in September 1960 when he is expected to become the Chief Minister of a responsible African Government



Sir Richard Turnbull, Governor of Tanganyika since 1958

bringing a legal action against Mr. Nyerere himself. It was a case that ought never to have been brought. In fact, more than half the charges were withdrawn at the outset. Mr. Nyerere was given the choice of paying a fine of £150 or twelve months' imprisonment. It was a difficult choice. He could have been a hero by going to prison. On the other hand, the party would have been without leadership for a year. Then, too, he felt that he had to give the new Governor a chance, for Sir Richard Turnbull, arriving to assume the governorship that very month, had immediately had a talk with him before judgment was given. This tipped the scales. Mr. Nyerere decided that prison was cheap heroism.

The trial brought to an end the period of active opposition to Tanu by the Government. With Sir Richard's arrival an improved relationship began. Sir Richard might have started his governorship with the national leader in gaol, and the subsequent history of Tanganyika would have had a different outcome. It would not have affected the transfer of power to Africans, but it would have destroyed the mood of racial co-operation in which that transfer has taken place. Twice more Mr. Nyerere was to be presented with a choice of action in similar key situations.

The first was the choice whether or not to boycott the elections held in September 1958 and February 1959. The electoral conditions prescribed racial parity, so that, however the voting went, ten Africans, ten Asians, and ten Europeans would be returned to Legislative Council. It was compulsory for each voter to vote on his ballot paper for one African, one Asian, and one European, or else spoil his vote. This was asking a lot of the African voter, in a country where each man lives within his own community from the cradle to the grave and where over large parts there are no Asians or Europeans at all. He did not know from Adam these Asian and European candidates suddenly canvassing in his midst.

A Master-stroke

This was the case for a boycott. Tanu remained undecided. Then Mr. Nyerere had a last-minute hunch to contest almost all the seats. Tanu already had its own African candidates, but there was no time to select its Asian and European candidates. So what it did was to select from the candidates who were already offering themselves. This decision turned out to be a master-stroke. There were no other parties, the United Tanganyika Party being moribund. The Tanu label swept the board. Twenty-eight of the thirty successful candidates owed their election to Tanu support. The remaining two were Europeans who stood as independents in seats which Tanu did not contest. The final triumph came in Dar-es-Salaam. Although the Asian and not the African vote predominated there, all three Tanu candidates were returned.

Mr. Nyerere's second choice came in July 1959 when the Governor invited five of the elected members to cross the floor and become Ministers. Mr. Nyerere himself was obviously first on the list, but he decided to decline because, as he saw it, the only portfolio he could take was that of Chief Minister which Government was then not ready to give. Instead, five others went over. So, by a waiting game, the first time Mr. Nyerere himself crosses the floor it will be as Chief Minister at the end of this year.

Looking back, one can see that the very modesty of Britain's political purposes provided the perfect framework in which a national movement could most easily spread through the whole country. All the many good things of British paternalism, the roads, schools, dispensaries, agricultural work, had to be added up by the beholder, for there was no co-ordinating aim. The country lay like a great open furrow just waiting for the seed to be planted. This very negativeness of British policy is now going to be Tanganyika's gain, in that there is so little wrong to undo.

Then, on the positive side, when Tanu came into being Government's attitude towards this stirring of African political consciousness was exactly the one most calculated to make Africans feel threatened as they had never felt before. The new doctrine of multi-racialism as a constitutional principle had the effect of making Africans feel racially conscious and cohesive. Moreover, the minority groups themselves had no heart for it: they were small and scattered and had never made a bid for political power.

The other big unifying factor has been Mr. Nyerere's leadership—what one of the European elected members of Legislative Council recently described as 'the persistence, the tact, and the moderation of an inspired leader of his people'.

Looking forward, the centre of interest now changes. With the direction of political power settled, Mr. Nyerere's own role and that of his party change. The House which will be elected this September will have to do positive work. Fifty Africans, eleven Asians, and ten Europeans will sit there, elected from fifty constituencies on a common roll of about 1,000,000 voters, each having a vote for as many seats as there are in his constituency, but with no compulsion to vote for them all. Since Tanu is contesting all these seventy-one seats, the great majority of those returned will, irrespective of race, owe allegiance to Mr. Nyerere as Chief Minister. Details of ministerial posts were announced in April: of the twelve portfolios, two are to be retained by British civil servants and ten are to go to unofficials. Of these ten, the supposition is that seven will be Africans.

The Older and Younger Generations

This forthcoming pattern has met with different reactions from the different communities. Among the Africans there is a definite sense of achievement. Among the Asians, there is a difference between the older generation and the younger. The older generation has natural misgivings. Among the younger generation, however, a growing number have thrown in their lot with Tanu and pressed to be admitted to its membership. They want to be considered no longer as Asians but as Tanganyikans. They would have preferred to have the 1960 elections fought on entirely open seats, with no special allotment of seats for the minority communities. A few individual Europeans share this view; but, generally speaking, it is among the European community that misgivings are strongest. They would have preferred more, not less, safeguards for the representation of their interests in the new House. They would prefer the European elected members to represent their own community instead of being drawn, often unrealistically, into the Tanu fold by virtue of owing their election to Tanu members. They fear that this situation, apparent in the present Legislative Council, will simply repeat itself after September's elections. The snag for them is the common roll. Once this is established, a backward step into communal voting cannot feasibly be taken. The hope is that among the victors in September a few independent-minded candidates will be returned to give cut and thrust to the proceedings of the new House.

This political transaction has been harmonious, it is true. But there are differences, all the same. Tanganyika is a country in which communalism runs deep. Each race has its own fears in relation to the others. The attempt to spread multi-racial theories while the issue of power was left in doubt put the cart before the horse. Only now, with any sincerity of purpose, can the attempt begin.

Interpreting the Lesson

Mr. Nyerere has interpreted the lesson of these events in Tanganyika as being the trust of the immigrant minorities in the goodwill of the indigenous majority of the country. 'From now on', he said, greeting the announcement last December, 'the duty of protecting human rights . . . is ours . . . Let not the world point a finger at us and say that we gained our freedom on a moral argument, the argument of the brotherhood of man, and then threw that argument overboard and began ourselves to discriminate against our brothers on the grounds of colour'. Mr. Nyerere has thus gained the confidence of Europeans and Asians. But can he control his own hot-heads?

The annual conference of Tanu endorsed his acceptance of the new constitutional proposals. As President of the party, he is as popular as ever, and everything continues to centre on him. There are some strong men in the party, but no rivals for the leadership. Nor is a split in the party thought to be likely during these coming months. There is no friction with the trade union movement. No one seems likely to come out against Mr. Nyerere on an anti-Asian, anti-European platform of Africa for the Africans.

Given the position of Tanu, the way in which things work out depends upon the relationship between two men, the Governor and Mr. Nyerere. It looks as though Sir Richard Turnbull will be the last British colonial Governor of Tanganyika. Apart from the late Sir Donald Cameron in the nineteen-twenties none has

had a more important role to play. Two key problems to be tackled during the next five years are the machinery of government and education. The rulers of an independent Tanganyika will judge the retiring colonial power by the same criteria as other newly independent countries in Asia and Africa have done: namely, by the machinery they have been equipped with to run the state and by the facilities they have had for educating the people.

As for the state machinery, the whole structure of local government is being examined and will have to be settled by the new House. The arteries of government are the British district commissioners. Although the government of Tanganyika is a centralized system, these men in the field have in fact borne the burden of governing the country. In their record, the merits of British rule are to be found. Even with a drive for Africanization, they are going to be needed for a long time yet. It remains for the new House to devise such compensation terms as will induce them to stay on into independence.

While British administrators in the field have served the country well, the same cannot be said of the central government departments in Dar es Salaam. And it is here, if an independent Tanganyika is to have any chance of orderly working, any chance of democracy, that the most profound overhaul will have to be carried out during the next five years. In the work of government

at all levels Africans are now needed to assume senior posts. They are also needed in the professions and in technical and other skilled positions, if racial harmony is not to dissolve into a wrangle between the haves and have-nots.

The present position speaks for itself. In a country of over 8,500,000 Africans, 300 hold senior posts in the civil service out of a total of 3,000 such posts. There are one African district commissioner, one lawyer, two successful doctors. Five men have British university degrees. It will take an educational drive amounting to a military operation to remedy this frail position. One obstacle is the shortage of scholarships to enable the best Tanganyika students to go on to full honours courses elsewhere. At present not a single African from Tanganyika is reading an honours course at any university in Britain. Meanwhile the United States, India, Ethiopia, even little Liberia, are all coming forward with scholarship offers. Offers, too, have started from behind the Iron Curtain.

In a few years' time British rule in Tanganyika will be a matter of history. Now, with perhaps five years left, Britain can still affect that history. Compared with its neighbours in East and Central Africa, Tanganyika is highly fortunate—there is no Kabaka problem, no White Highlands, no emergency. But Britain's opportunity can be seized only by accepting the mood of the people of Tanganyika: they are full of hope.

—*Third Programme*

Nationalism in the Modern World

The Cradle of Nationalism

MAURICE SHOCK on nineteenth-century Europe

A FEW weeks ago I asked an American pupil of mine to write an essay for me on the origins of the war of 1914 to 1918. When he came to me to read it, he began: 'There were three main causes of the war: imperialism, militarism and, of course, nationalism'. These were very large words to use, and the analysis was itself open to considerable objection; but what struck me forcibly was the phrase 'and, of course, nationalism'. It seemed to me that the very off-hand way in which this phrase had been used pointedly indicated the disrepute into which this word 'nationalism' has fallen in the Western world during the last decade or so.

This has not always been the case. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the principle of nationality was the doctrine of the liberals and the romantics. It represented the path to freedom. This was partly due to England; as early as the sixteenth century Englishmen had become conscious of their national identity. Even now, when they wish to express this identity, they more often than not fall back on Shakespeare:

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall.

But in Europe, the main impulse did not come until the end of the eighteenth century, and then, once in train, nationalism proceeded to sweep all before it. For Europeans it became the true religion. It was the nineteenth-century god. The old causes faded, and it was for 'King and country', France, or the German Fatherland that men were willing to lay down their lives without further question.

Within this doctrine of nationalism lay the kernel of the liberal idea of the principle of nationality. As Bertrand Russell once wrote: 'The advocates of nationality said: every country must be free to achieve its legitimate ambitions. The advocates of nationalism said: my country must be free to achieve its ambitions whether legitimate or not'. The principle of nationality, as expressed in the doctrine of self-determination, was the dominant liberal theme of the century. When Gladstone spoke of 'peoples rightly struggling to be free', he was proclaiming the right of any viable geographical group to become an independent state. As far as I am aware, this doctrine reached its culmination in 1917 when a single house in Petrograd claimed independence. The claim was not entertained.

It was this idea, a liberating one, that split asunder the old empires—the Turkish, the Austro-Hungarian, the Russian. During the century after the end of the Napoleonic wars, the Turkish Empire in Europe was steadily eroded by the principle of nationality as the Balkan peoples struggled for independence. When the cataclysm of European war came in 1914 it was only in Russia that successful revolution came in its wake. Elsewhere, national governments rose from the ashes of the Empires of central Europe.

This rapid spreading of the principle of nationality was not merely a matter of the destruction of tyrannies; everywhere it gave rise to cultures of an almost self-consciously national kind. Irish literature and Czech music are obvious examples. In sport, the revival of the Olympic Games was yet another facet. As nationality hardened into the doctrine of nationalism it still carried with it some of the old, easy-going ways: before 1914 it was possible to wander across almost the whole of Europe without a passport. Even more important, that great nineteenth-century creation, the system of international trade, involved not only the exchange of goods but also of people and ideas. Except in France, most European families had at least one member who had forsaken Europe and its nationalities for the El Dorado of the United States. These points are significant, because by 1900 European nationalism had not yet taken on the terrifying aspects which we now know so well. Men could still survey the continent of Europe and believe in progress. It was, in short, a society which was politically more gentle and civilized than we commonly give it credit for being.

Why did nationalism become the divisive force which overcame all others? Religion no longer played the part it had two centuries before, when the whole of Europe had divided into two armed camps, one Catholic the other Protestant. In the middle of the nineteenth century Marx put forward the view that the fundamental division in politics ran along class lines, and that the future would lie with a universal proletariat. 'Workers of the world unite' was the message of the Communist manifesto in 1848; but they did not unite, nor did they ever seriously look like doing so. When the testing time came, in 1914, French workers preferred to be dominated by their own ruling class rather than run the risk of a dictatorship of the German proletariat—and the converse was equally true.

Why was this? Apart from those timeless factors which draw men of common language and habits together there were political and economic forces of unusual strength operating in the nineteenth century. As every schoolboy knows, the old Europe had been rocked to its political foundations by the French revolution and the wars that followed it, and transformed economically by industrial change. Nationalism and government by the people—the twin stars that still govern so much of our life—came to dominate political thought. As the old notions of government were submerged, it became accepted that sovereignty lay with the people, sometimes in the direct sense of Abraham Lincoln, but at other times in an indirect, almost metaphysical, way. This inevitably made the problem of the relationship between government and people more intricate than ever before in history. It was the way in which this relationship worked out that falsified Marx's expectation, shared by so many in the eighteen-forties, that 'national differences and antagonisms between peoples are steadily vanishing'.

How did this relationship work out? Universal male suffrage became inextricably linked with nationalism. It was of crucial importance that men participated in the government of their country—or felt that they did—and this bound them to it as nothing else, except religion, has ever succeeded in doing. But in nineteenth-century Europe two things commonly happened to men before they reached the age when they had the vote. More often than not they had passed through an educational system run by the state which had inculcated in them that defiant pride in their country that was invariably an aim of the official syllabus. After their years of education they had then served as soldiers for their period of compulsory military service. This was of real significance, for as soldiers they had served the state, and in serving it the politicians told them they had been serving themselves—for they were the state. The national army is the characteristic feature of nationalism: it not only disciplines men, it also ties them to the nation. When nationalism holds sway, men no longer fight as mercenaries or servants of a feudal lord but as members of a nation in arms.

It was also the case that, for all its miseries, the nineteenth century was for Europe an astonishing period of economic and political progress. Old men looking back from 1900 naturally assumed that the economic progress they had witnessed could not be matched by any other period in history. But by that time even economic matters had taken on a nationalist aspect. The system of international trade was one of the great creations of the nineteenth century, but eventually it too was overborne by the weight of nationalism. Tariff walls reinforced military boundaries, and men came to believe that their prosperity was threatened not just by the capitalists of other nations but by the workers of other nations as well.

Forces Consciously Manipulated

These were the forces that acted as the cement of nineteenth-century nationalism, making the early impulses irresistible in their impact. These forces were often consciously manipulated: the forging of the United States may be taken as representing the triumph of a system of education over differences of race, for the schools were the main instrument of integration. In Europe Bismarck, after the unification of Germany, did much the same thing, but, like other European leaders, he possessed one dangerous weapon which the Americans, to their good fortune, lacked. This was the existence, either actual or assumed, of external enemies. In the latter part of the nineteenth century Europe was riven by divisions, from the fantastic cross-rivalries of the Balkans to the consuming hatred that divided the Germans from the French. These divisions, which had so often sprung from the violence of revolution, were the life-blood of nationalism. It was on war and revolution that nations had thrived at their birth, and it was on them, or the threat of them, that their leaders still nourished the people. There is nothing quite like an external enemy for creating unity at home; or, as a Russian statesman put it at the turn of the century, 'a nice little victorious war' is what one needs when the situation at home is difficult.

But it may reasonably be asked: 'Why is this so different from all that had gone before? Have there not always been wars? Have not rulers always appreciated the value of the external enemy?

What was so different about the years at the end of the nineteenth century?' The distinctive factor was the scale of operation. Technical and industrial advances had transformed the making of war at precisely the moment when it was the nation in arms that went to war. So it was that the manhood of Europe almost destroyed itself in the slaughter of 1914 to 1918, and from defeat in that war emerged a form of nationalism, nazism, that was debased and poisoned almost beyond belief.

Flaws Leading to Catastrophe

What were the flaws in nationalism that led to this catastrophe? I have suggested that the damage was done by the transformation of the concept of nationality into the doctrine of nationalism. This was the tragedy of nineteenth-century liberal ideas. But there was more to it than this. Some nations, above all the British, had got off to an early start not only economically but politically. By the last quarter of the nineteenth century the British already ruled much of the surface of the globe when other nations had scarcely begun to expand overseas; Germany, on the other hand, though she possessed economic and military power on a scale which raised her far above the other nations of Europe, had virtually no empire and little prospect of creating one by peaceful means. But in a situation in which the German Emperor, William II, could say: 'There is no balance of power except me and my thirty army corps', is it surprising that Germany, possessed of such power, should have wished to challenge those who had so early gathered the prizes? In her case, too, this desire was fortified by an ideology, derived from a formidable philosophical tradition reaching as far back as Fichte and Hegel, that made the harsher side of nationalism intellectually respectable. The difference between those who had overseas territories and those who had not—a difference which was to a large extent unrelated to the balance of economic and military strength—did much to produce the fantastic scramble known as imperialist expansion, and its aftermath, the war of 1914 to 1918.

All this took place within a context which had at its core an unchallenged assumption of European supremacy. The technical and economic changes of the age made it appear that the world was Europe's oyster. Within the narrow circle of European nationalism flourished; outside, it was assumed not to exist—or at least, only in what was considered to be a rather bizarre South American way. Even Gladstone, the greatest advocate of the cause of self-determination, the champion of the Bulgars, was frankly incredulous when it was suggested to him that the Egyptians might conceivably be capable of self-government. In a world context, therefore, nineteenth-century European nationalism was rooted in the idea of European supremacy, in the assumption that the world revolved round this small continent, as men had once assumed that the earth was the centre of the universe. It was this elevation of the nationalist struggle of Europe into an imperialist race for possession, or a determination to have 'a place in the sun' which, more than any other factor, created the world we know, and by reaction produced the twentieth-century nationalisms of Asia and Africa.—*General Overseas Service*

The Oxford University Press has published two books that are likely to become standard works for all who are interested in the history of the British Commonwealth and Colonies. These are *Britain in the Pacific Islands* by W. P. Morrell, who is Professor of History at Otago University in New Zealand (£2 15s.), and *The Unification of South Africa 1902-1910* by L. M. Thompson, Professor of History at Cape Town University (£2 10s.). Professor Morrell's volume traces the history of Britain's relations with the peoples of the Pacific from their original discovery by European travellers to the treaties of cession, protectorate and annexation of the last century and this, which brought many groups under British administration. Professor Thompson's book tells of the events that culminated in the inauguration of the Union of South Africa and it gives a comprehensive analysis of the South African constitution. He writes in his foreword that 'besides being a striking example of the operation of political forces in a multi-racial society, the story of the unification of South Africa provides a salutary reminder of the limitations of human foresight'. Some idea of the value of Professor Thompson's book can be gathered from the fact that the original sources he has been able to consult include the private papers of Sir Patrick Duncan, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, J. H. Hofmeyr, and J. X. Merriman and the papers of Lord Brand.

The Case of Mr. Ma Yin-chu

STEPHAN SCHATTMANN on a defeat for intellectual freedom in China

THE recent removal of Mr. Ma Yin-chu from the presidency of Peking University means that freedom of research and economic analysis based on objective facts rather than on ideological images have suffered a grave defeat in China. It is obvious that Mr. Ma Yin-chu has been dismissed largely because of his public advocacy of the policy of population control in China in face of what is evidently the decision of the Chinese Communist leaders *not* to support.

Outstanding Economist

Mr. Ma Yin-chu, an octogenarian, is one of China's outstanding economists. His views on planning have been the subject of attacks in over 200 articles by university professors, editors of academic journals, lecturers, and others. Yet the 'venerable Mr. Ma' gave as well as he got, and the fact that this duel was allowed to go on up to now is remarkable. Moreover, none of the Communist Party's leading economic theorists has appeared personally to take sides in the dispute.

Two sentences culled from articles written by Mr. Ma Yin-chu towards the end of last year may suffice to illustrate the calibre of the man: 'Though I am nearly eighty and aware that I am outnumbered, I will accept the challenge single-handed and fight until I die. I will never capitulate to those critics who are bent on bringing others to submission by force and not by reasoning'.

It may come as a surprise to many that after the rectification campaign in Communist China in 1957 and the surrender of the so-called rightists among intellectuals such words could still be spoken. Why is it that Mr. Ma Yin-chu was not purged long ago or forced, as so many others, to accept the party line in his academic work? Significantly, he has had an outstanding academic career and his relations with the Communist leadership, including evidently with Mr. Mao Tse-tung himself, have been of the closest. Not only was he never accused as a rightist but, on the contrary, the mere fact that he held the post of President of Peking University shows that he was considered a man worthy of honour: the Chinese Communist Party, after all, was virtually born at that university.

Mr. Ma Yin-chu read economics in the United States and also gained a doctorate of philosophy. After returning to China he taught for thirty-five years at various universities. By 1939, as he has stated in his writings, he had become a Marxist and a supporter of the Communist Party. He has played an active part in the World Peace Movement. It was at the telegraphic call of 'a good friend', to quote his own words, that Mr. Ma Yin-chu came to the Chinese mainland from Hong Kong in 1949 to join the Communist Government. He does not say who that friend is, but a number of observers believe that it was Mr. Chou En-lai. In a major paper setting out his economic beliefs, published last November, Mr. Ma Yin-chu expressed the hope that his refusal to exercise self-criticism would not be regarded by his 'friend' as an act of resistance. Such words are likely only to be addressed to someone holding a high position in the state.

Influence on Policy

There is substantial evidence that Mr. Ma Yin-chu was able to exercise considerable influence on economic thought and policy in Communist China. In December 1956 and May 1957 he published two papers whose aim it was to adapt Communist policy to economic reality and to argue against unsound concepts which he believed were taking the place of sound and comprehensive planning. By the end of 1957 there had been no word of critical comment against him. January 1, 1958, saw the publication of a book of his which incorporated these papers and also a chapter on population. In this he argued that under conditions of rapid technological advance what mattered was not merely an increase

in numbers but a raising of the quality of the population to provide the experts and skilled technicians needed in every sector of the economy. To achieve this, and to reach a higher standard of living sooner rather than later, the future growth of the population should be controlled.

This book of Mr. Ma Yin-chu's did cause a flood of critical comment. Later in the year he produced another paper which included some revisions. More important, he added eight technical measures which in his view were essential for a rapid and comprehensive development of agriculture. They included irrigation, fertilization, deep ploughing, close planting, and so on. These eight technical measures have a familiar ring: are they not the eight points of the 'charter', the basic agricultural policy document in China today? Mr. Ma Yin-chu himself said last November: 'Unexpectedly, three months after the publication of this paper these eight points were taken up by the whole country as the "eight-point charter"'. And where this charter was put into effect, says Mr. Ma Yin-chu, echoing the official line, a rich harvest was gathered.

Untenable Position

This, then, is the man whom his critics now describe as a bourgeois reactionary and a man who attacks Marxism-Leninism. Perhaps it is not surprising that, apart from personal vilification and charges of ideological heresy, no really constructive criticism has ever been made, let alone a counter-model produced. Obviously, after the party's decision against any form of conscious population control in the future, Mr. Ma Yin-chu's position had become untenable. The fact that it has taken the party as long as it has to reach this decision evidently reflects a long-drawn-out conflict behind the scenes. It is not possible at this early stage to analyse the motives that might have prompted it. Could it be that the party leaders considered Mr. Ma Yin-chu's emphasis on quality of population rather than quantity a threat to the party's supreme control? By controlling future growth while rapidly increasing the numbers of experts and managers a new class less amenable to absolute party control might be created.

One feels in reading Mr. Ma Yin-chu's views that he is a man who tries to reconcile Marxist-Leninist theory with the demands of objective reality. In this he seems to have failed, and probably he feared that the curtain was about to come down. Maybe it was for this reason that he chose as the concluding sentence of what now looks like his last assertion of independence and intellectual integrity this quotation from Mr. Mao Tse-tung: 'There is only one kind of genuine theory in the world, that is the theory drawn from objective reality'.—*European Services*

'THE LISTENER'

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Children at Play

SOME striking changes in the attitudes and habits of the young people of today have been noted in a report published last week by the Workers' Educational Association. It is called *The Leisure Activities of School Children** and is the summary of an investigation into the leisure of 7,000 school children at Ilford, in Essex, carried out by the students of a London University tutorial class under the direction of Mrs. Mary Stewart. The investigation repeats a similar one undertaken at Ilford among 5,000 secondary school children in 1946-47, and it is this circumstance that makes the findings of the report so valuable. A direct comparison can be made with a dozen years earlier.

As might be expected, the declining popularity of the cinema and to a lesser extent of reading is confirmed. So also is the tendency nowadays for bystanding activities to gain ground in popularity at the expense of those which demand participation. What is more startling, however, is the loss of interest revealed by the report in organized games among boys; and among girls the loss of it in domestic pursuits and in the street and garden games that were still popular in 1947. 'It is relatively rare today', the report says, 'to see a group of boys on a summer's evening take off their jackets, roll up their sleeves, pick up sides and play an informal game of cricket in the park or on the common'. And again: 'Games associated with childhood such as Knock Down Ginger, Tin Can Copper, and Bad Eggs so popular twelve years ago, rarely got a mention' in the questionnaires which the children filled up anonymously. Nor did 'skipping and marbles and the more conventional childhood pursuits of the past'. Then it appears that there has been a striking increase among girls in the reading of 'love comics'. These now account for 20 per cent. of the total magazine reading of eleven-year-olds and for 35 per cent. of the fourteen-year-olds. The theme of the stories which such 'comics' contain appears to be romantic love, and their appeal seems to lie in the world of fantasy which they create for the reader but which bears little relation to real life. It is, however, more encouraging that among older boys there has been an increase in reading hobbies magazines, such as the *Hobbies Weekly* and the *Practical Householder*—'bought no doubt by Dad for his own use but read nevertheless by his son who may become in consequence a useful man about the house in later years'.

The general tenor of the report is to suggest that the secondary school children of today (Ilford is a reasonable sample from which to argue nationally) are more grown up for their age than they used to be, and much more interested in dancing and music, even if that is of a lighter kind. Mrs. Stewart and her team have here discovered facts of importance not only for the professional sociologist but for all concerned with any form of national education or entertainment—those in the B.B.C., for instance, who have the task of building programmes in sound or television. It is surprising how often the findings of the report would seem to confirm evidence derived from other sources of information. In one of these, a pamphlet called *The Teenage Consumer*, written last July for the London Press Exchange, Mr. Mark Abrams wrote that 'teenagers more than any other section of the community are looking for goods and services which are highly charged emotionally'. The same could perhaps be said of many of the leisure interests of our secondary school children.

What They Are Saying

The 'summit' and the spy

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE 'summit' conference was commented on in varied terms all over the world. The Soviet newspaper *Pravda* wrote that the shame and responsibility for torpedoing the talks lay on those who announced 'the pirate policy in relation to the Soviet Union'. The newspaper *Izvestia* said that the Soviet Union had expected that 'this provocative policy' would be condemned in Washington, and that measures would be taken to prevent the strengthening of international tension created by aggressive actions in relation to Russia. These measures had been expected, *Izvestia* went on, by people of all countries to the very last day, but in vain.

In Paris *Le Figaro* said that no one in France would rejoice at Mr. Khrushchev's action in torpedoing the 'summit' conference. But if this helped to reinforce Western solidarity the effects would not have been entirely bad. The *Toronto Globe and Mail* wrote that two men were responsible for this blow to the world's hopes for a greater measure of peace and progress. Prime Minister Khrushchev had inflated the spy plane issue to absurd proportions. President Eisenhower, with a strong card to play—namely, the announcement that the U.S. had stopped sending spy planes and would not send any more—had produced his card too late. In West Germany the newspaper *Die Welt* said that Mr. Khrushchev might perhaps have been pushed into his harsh attitude by China. The argument might now gain strength that the West should not base its policy on spectacular 'summit' talks: 'No "summit" talks are better than "summit" talks that fail', added the West German newspaper.

On the eve of the 'summit' conference not all world comment on the incident of the shot-down United States spy aircraft had drawn pessimistic conclusions from it.

A Cairo home service broadcaster had argued as follows:

The espionage case, by being uncovered and, in turn, exposing the role of countries participating in military alliances, and the fear that such an incident might lead to all-out war, may draw everyone's attention to the need for easing international tension. Hence the U.S. aircraft incident may lead to more understanding, contrary to what was previously thought.

But the Egyptian commentator considered that there were other less favourable possibilities. Rather one-sidedly, he picked on what he considered were disturbing factors in America:

At the same time, the enemies of international understanding may become more active inside the U.S.A., fanning the fire until they make matters very difficult to solve. There is currently a serious rift inside the United States, and we should not underestimate the strength of the advocates of tension and of a return to power politics, imperialism, and interference as exemplified by the case of the Arab ship 'Cleopatra'.

An interview with a leading Russian journalist on Budapest home service suggested that some Soviet circles, also, are drawing the moral from the U2 affair that it strengthens the case for controlled disarmament:

Official United States organs (he said) are making the excuse that they are afraid of surprise Soviet attack. It is precisely for that reason that they should accept the Soviet disarmament plan; then they would not only be free to fly about, but their controllers would be stationed on Soviet territory.

A Moscow transmission in Arabic showed that the Soviet Union also sees in the aftermath of the U2's incursion over Russia possibilities for forwarding the Russian aim of getting the last Western bases removed from the Middle East:

The officials of the Pentagon, through building military bases in foreign territories, such as Libya or the Saudi Arabian kingdom, are trying to divert the first retaliatory blow by the victim of aggression away from America to those countries which rashly place their territory at the disposal of the U.S. military bases. The elimination of these bases would greatly improve the international situation. Then the peoples of the countries where there are now American military bases would be able to breathe a sigh of relief.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

AN EMINENT SCOTTISH NATURALIST

SIR D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON was born 100 years ago this month. When he died in 1948 he had been for over sixty years Professor of Natural History in Dundee and St. Andrews. During a talk in the Scottish Home Service Professor A. D. PEACOCK, his colleague for more than twenty years, said: 'At Cambridge, D'Arcy was inspired by the change in interest that was taking place—the switch from anatomical studies to those of development and function. Yet to augment his slender finances he translated from the German Müller's *Fertilization of Flowers* (he got Darwin to write the preface) and compiled a formidable zoological bibliography. He also began, with his father, a translation of Aristotle's *History of Animals*. Even in Dundee he began orthodoxly, assembling a museum and writing on anatomy—on the lion's larynx and on whales, for instance. In 1896 and 1897 he was in Alaska as British scientific expert, along with those from the United States and Canada, to settle the seal-fishing rights round the Pribilof Islands. Next he became Advisor to the Scottish Fishery Board—no mere committee man but a researcher. Simultaneously, as editor and statistician, he served the International Council for the Study of the Sea. For forty years he was a devoted servant of the state and scholar of the sea. "Think of that", said the Public Orator of Oxford University, "when your speeches are used to wrap up the fish".

D'Arcy's pre-eminence in classics can be appreciated without our knowing Greek. His translation of Aristotle's *Historia Animalium* stamps him as probably the one who has best expressed the mind of that giant Aristotle, the father of natural history. In his *Glossary of Greek Birds* and *Glossary of Greek Fishes* D'Arcy identifies in English hundreds of species from Greek records, adverting also to their biology, use, and associated legend and myth.

His eloquence, in speech and script, substantially advanced University College, Dundee, but in his later, peripatetic years he avoided university administration and left teaching mostly to his assistants. Of careless, idle, time-serving students, he was censorious. "Upon my soul", I once heard him exclaim, "they are the duddiest of the dud, lazier than the Neapolitan beggar. I don't mind spoon-feeding but I draw the line at working their jaws".

As his successor in Dundee I inherited his treasure house of a museum, the spoil of his wanderings: the elephant he rode in the Dublin zoo as a boy; the skeletons of Steller's sea cow he unearthed in Siberia and of the musk ox and whales brought to him by the Dundee whalers. His type collections of every group of animals comprised thousands of specimens, and he never forgot the shelf or the place of one of them.

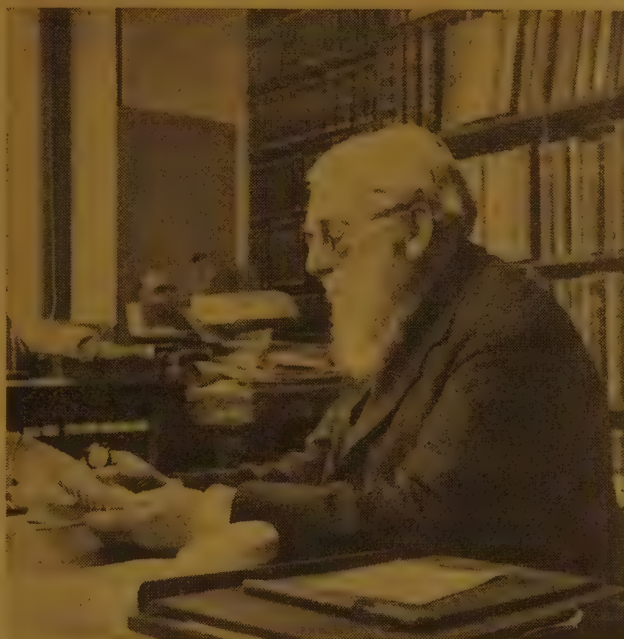
His masterpiece is the book entitled *On*

Growth and Form. The second edition, 1,100 pages, he finished when he was eighty. In it he takes leaf, bone, honeycomb, shell, egg, what you will, and enhances their wonder by mathematics. "Of the construction and growth and working of the body", he says, "and of all else that is of the earth earthy, physical science is, in my humble opinion, our only teacher and guide". The outstanding feature of the book is his Theory of Transformations. Imagine a drawing of a spaniel on an oblong sheet of rubber. Stretch this and we get a tolerable reproduction of a dachshund. The patterns of the rubber sheet and the spaniel have undergone transformation and this transformation can be expressed mathematically; so can the stresses effecting the transformation. But, leaving aside mathematics, the cardinal point is this: by his method D'Arcy conceived the evolutionary idea that a species of living thing may transform into another, not by a succession of minor changes in individual parts of the body, but by large-scale changes involving the body as a whole.

For me two of D'Arcy's attributes stand out. First, his insatiable curiosity, and, second, that social gift to which one of his senior Cambridge supporters testified when D'Arcy applied for the Chair in Dundee. This colleague wrote: "When he speaks, I am very willing to be silent".

NORWICH IS ALONE

Three centuries ago Sir John Harrington talked of Norwich as "another Utopia", said BASIL MAINE in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'. 'To us who lived our childhood there in the early



Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, F.R.S., examining a nautilus shell: said to be the last photograph taken of him



'On the Wensum', by John Crome (1769-1821), founder of the Norwich school of artists
By courtesy of the Norwich Castle Museum

years of this century, Utopia seems rather wide of the mark. There was much that was ugly and repulsive, both in the city's outward form and in its inner life, but these things, in retrospect, fall into place in the picture and, in fact, contribute to its fullness of character.

'The names in Norwich! They are blunt enough, especially when a native speaks them: Ber Street, Stump Cross, "Sint" Augustine's, "Mussel" (for Mousehold), Tomblond, "Sint" Martin's (the middle "t" all but silent here), Prince o' Waleses Road, Fye Bridge, Carrow, Bull Close, The Gildencroft—the sounds and the odd things they stand for are the place itself to me.

'Fullers' Hole: in early childhood I knew nothing of the fullers who once cleaned their cloth there: to me it was a place where, against rules, one occasionally descended to the river's brink, net in hand, in the hope of catching a minnow. I had heard nothing of the crucifix which stood at Stump Cross more than 300 years before: to me it was, and will ever be, the place where, to my utter bewilderment, I once found a golden half-sovereign; and Ber Street was not the region where the Anglo-Saxons once lived but the slum where the Italians were then living, the place in fact where ice-cream was made.

'Whenever at a London station I see Norwich advertised in the liqueur-like colourings of the new poster art, I am rather concerned that the place should be so misrepresented. "It looks a pretty place", an American friend recently said to me, as we were passing one of those posters.

"Norwich is not like that", I said.

"Not so pretty?"

"Nothing like so pretty". Norwich cannot be prettified. It has a native light, which can hardly be conveyed by art, certainly not by poster art. On occasions I have found it strongly suggested in a painting, or even a passage of prose, and sometimes, though rarely, the strange, indefinable spirit of the place has been conveyed to me in a strain of music.

'Norwich is alone. Something of the Norwich spirit has overflowed into Yarmouth and Cromer and a few other places within the orbit, but when you get as far as Ely and Cambridge it is all gone and replaced by another spirit, no doubt equally magnetic but quite distinct'.

THE WELD LUTE BOOK

'What sort of music was played by the Shropshire gentry in Shakespeare's day?' asked ROBERT SPENCER in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'A discovery I made last year helps to answer this question, as I had the good fortune to find a unique and valuable manuscript of lute music, written about 350 years ago.

'In my reading I had come across references to a mysterious Weld lute book, which no living person had seen. The possibility that it might still exist, hidden away in some old library, aroused my curiosity; and when I found that the latest research on lute music listed it as lost, but formerly in the possession of Lord

Forester, the challenge to find it proved irresistible. I looked up the address of Lord Forester and noticed that his family name was Weld-Forester. If it was a family possession, I felt sure it must still be in his library. A letter soon brought me a generous invitation to search both library and strong-room of his country house at Willey Park, near Shrewsbury.

'When I arrived I was greeted by Lord Forester himself, who told me that neither he nor his father had ever seen the volume. He took me to the extensive library, which must have contained some 7,000 books. Fortunately I had been a librarian for a number of years, and, to save myself from scrutinizing each one of these 7,000 volumes, I formed some idea of what the book would look like. Meeting with no success in the library, I asked

Lord Forester if I could look in the strong-room. As soon as he opened the strong-room door I saw a pile of books in the corner, and half way down this pile was a volume bound in dark brown leather, with no title on the spine: this was the sort of book I was looking for.

'With excitement, I pulled it out, opened the cover, which was stamped "IOHN WELDE" in gilt capitals, and was confronted with a page of carefully and beautifully handwritten music, dating from the reign of the first Elizabeth. We carried our prize to a room where we could hear some of the music played on a lute. The book opened at a piece by Robert Johnson, who wrote some of the songs and incidental music for the original productions of Shakespeare's plays.

'When I left Willey Park I visited the church on the estate. There was a tablet to the memory of John Weld on the chancel wall, and this gave me the few leads from which I traced a fairly full biography. In the year 1600 he went to the Middle Temple to study law, and later he became Town Clerk of London, an office he held for more than fifty years.

'In Elizabethan England the lute was the most popular solo instrument: it accompanied songs, and played with violins and recorders. The number of strings varied from four in medieval times to twenty-eight on the lute for which Bach wrote his suites. The damp English weather has always been an enemy to lutes, but Thomas Mace had this advice to offer 300 years ago: "You shall do well, ever when you lay it by in the daytime, to put it into a bed that is constantly used, only to be excepted that no person be so inconsiderate as to tumble down upon the bed whilst the lute is there".

'Possibly Weld's interest in the lute waned when he became involved in the Civil War. He supported the King, and as a result was sacked from his post of Town Clerk. At the siege of Shrewsbury he was captured by the Parliamentary forces and held prisoner for the next fifteen years. He was released at the Restoration, and returned to his office of Town Clerk. Did Sir John Weld take up his lute again? That question we cannot answer; but by 1660 the music in his lute book was old fashioned. It consisted of duets, fantasias, and dance pieces, ranging from serious music for the musician to arrangements of popular songs; and a few of the thirty-nine compositions would be unknown to us had this book not come to light'.



A lute-player of the early seventeenth century painted by a follower of Caravaggio, perhaps Antiveduto Gramatica

The Sky at Night

The Slow-moving Planet Uranus

By PATRICK MOORE

OF the five planets known in ancient times, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter are striking objects, while Saturn shines as a moderately bright star and even Mercury may be quite conspicuous to the naked eye when best placed. Together with the Sun and Moon, these five made up a total of seven 'planetary bodies'. Seven was the magical number, and the Solar System was regarded as complete.

It was therefore a big surprise when, in 1781, a new planet was detected, moving round the Sun at a distance much greater than that of Saturn. Uranus, as the body was named, is just visible without a telescope, but it is decidedly faint, and would be difficult to identify without optical aid. At present (May 1960) it lies near the boundaries of Leo and Cancer, almost between Regulus and the prominent star-cluster Praesepe. Its stellar magnitude is about 5.7.

The discoverer of Uranus was William Herschel, later to become one of the greatest astronomical observers of all time. He was Hanoverian by birth, but came to England when still a young man, and became organist at the Octagon Chapel in Bath. He was a skilled musician and composer, but about 1772 he began to turn his attention to astronomy, and henceforth his main interests were scientific. Good telescopes were hard to obtain, and so Herschel decided to make his own. With the help of his brother Alexander and his sister Caroline he started constructing reflectors of excellent quality. As soon as he possessed adequate equipment, he began the first of his 'reviews of the sky', with the object of examining the distribution of the stars in space and so forming some idea of the shape of the galaxy. All astronomical work had to be done in his spare time, since he still depended upon music for his living; but his patience was inexhaustible, and Caroline proved to be the most devoted of assistants.

On March 13, 1781, Herschel was studying star-fields in the constellation Gemini when he noted 'one star which appeared visibly larger than all the rest'. Instead of showing up as a mere point of light, it revealed a small but perceptible disk. During the following nights it was seen to shift slowly against the stellar



A 7-foot telescope made by William Herschel, of the kind used by him when he discovered Uranus: it is now in the Science Museum, London

background, and this movement proved that it was certainly not a star. Herschel believed it to be a new comet, and indeed his preliminary communication to the Royal Society was headed 'An Account of a Comet'.

The orbit of the body was calculated by the Finnish mathematician Anders Lexell, then a professor at St. Petersburg. Lexell's findings were unexpected; the object was not a comet at all, but a new planet, moving round the Sun at a mean distance of 1,783,000,000 miles, and taking eighty-four terrestrial years to complete one revolution. After some discussion the name 'Uranus', suggested by the German astronomer Johann Bode, was adopted.

The discovery altered Herschel's whole career. He became suddenly famous, and a grant from George III, who appointed him 'the King's Astronomer', enabled him to abandon music as a means of livelihood and devote his whole time to astronomy. At Observatory House, in Slough, he built larger telescopes, dwarfing the 7-foot focal length instrument with which Uranus had been found. His greatest telescope, brought into use some eight years later, had a focal length of 40 feet, and enabled Herschel to discover the two brightest of Uranus's satellites, Titania and Oberon.

It must be stressed that Herschel's main work was concerned with the



An impression, by David Hardy, of what Uranus may look like from one of its satellites

stars, and that his lunar and planetary observations were no more than incidental. He catalogued many thousands of new double stars, as well as numerous clusters and nebulae; he established the existence of binary systems, and he was the first to draw up a reasonably accurate plan of the shape of the Galaxy. Indeed, he is justly termed 'the father of stellar astronomy'. Yet it is unlikely that he would have been able to undertake so much research had he not discovered Uranus in 1781. It is often said that the discovery was pure chance, but this is unfair to Herschel. He was engaged in a systematic review of the sky, and as he pointed out in a letter written to a friend of his, Dr. Hutton: 'Had business prevented me that evening, I must have found it the next, and the goodness of my telescope was such that I must have perceived its visible planetary disk as soon as I looked at it'. His confidence is fitting testimony not only to his equipment but also to his observational skill.

Observatory House still stands, though it is now deserted and there is talk of pulling it down. The 40-foot reflector was last turned to the sky in 1811, eleven years before Herschel's death, and was later dismantled. Part of the tube is still to be seen in a shed at the end of the overgrown garden.

It is interesting to find that Uranus had been recorded on numerous occasions before 1781. Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, who drew up a detailed star-catalogue, saw it half a dozen times without realizing its planetary nature. So did the French astronomer Le Monnier, who would certainly have recognized it if he had compared his observations. Unfortunately Le Monnier was not blessed with an orderly and methodical mind; it is said that one of his observations of Uranus was later found scrawled on the back of a paper bag which had once contained hair perfume.

A True Giant

Uranus appears faint only because of its great distance from us. It is in fact a large planet, and ranks as a true giant, though it is by no means the equal of Jupiter or Saturn. Modern measures give a diameter of 29,300 miles, which means that it could contain fifty globes the size of the Earth. Its mass is about fifteen times that of the Earth, which yields a relatively low density of about 1.3 times that of water. The escape velocity is thirteen miles per second, but the surface gravity is almost the same as that of the Earth. Like the more familiar giants, Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus is not a solid, rocky body of terrestrial type. Its surface is gaseous, and it consists largely of hydrogen, together with hydrogen compounds such as methane. Research by G. Herzberg indicates that helium is also present. The surface temperature is naturally very low, in the region of minus 310 degrees Fahrenheit.

Our knowledge of the internal constitution of Uranus is far from complete. According to a model proposed by R. Wildt there is a central rocky core with a diameter of about 14,000 miles, overlaid by a 6,000-mile deep layer of ice which is in turn overlaid by the outer gas. An alternative model, by the British astronomer W. R. Ramsey, suggests that Uranus may be mainly hydrogen throughout, though near the centre of the globe the great pressure would result in this hydrogen developing some of the characteristics of a metal. Further research will be needed before we can form an accurate idea of the true nature of a giant planet. It does at least seem safe to say that Uranus is basically similar to its companions Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune. The more-distant Neptune seems to be an almost perfect twin of Uranus, though it is very slightly smaller and denser.

Through a small or moderate telescope, Uranus reveals a small disk, perceptibly greenish in colour, and easily recognizable among the stars. Even with large instruments, surface features are excessively difficult to make out, though there seems to be a persistent bright area in the region of the planet's equator. Spots have been recorded from time to time: in 1949, for instance, Armellini, using a 16-inch refractor at Rome, detected two white areas near the equator, and others were seen in 1952 by W. H. Haas and A. G. Smith, in the United States. It has also been suggested that the brightness of Uranus fluctuates within certain limits, and it is possible, though unproved, that variations on the surface may be responsible. There is no reason to suppose that Uranus is any more quiescent than Saturn.

The axial rotation period is hard to measure by the usual visual

means, and spectroscopic methods, using Doppler shifts at opposite limbs, have given the most reliable results. The period seems to be in the region of $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours, appreciably longer than for Jupiter or Saturn. This means that there must be about 65,000 'days' in each Uranian 'year'. The chief peculiarity of Uranus lies in the inclination of its axis. In the case of the Earth, the axis of rotation is inclined by $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to the perpendicular, reckoning from the orbital plane. Several other planets have similar tilts; between 25 and 26 degrees for Mars, almost 27 degrees for Saturn, and about 29 degrees for Neptune, while according to Kuiper the value for Venus is about 30 degrees. The inclination of the axis of Jupiter is much less, and barely exceeds 3 degrees, while for Mercury and Pluto we have no information. Uranus, however, has an axial inclination of 98 degrees. Since this exceeds a right angle, the planet's rotation is technically retrograde, although it is not usually reckoned as such. The reason for this high inclination is completely unknown, and no satisfactory explanation for it has yet been put forward.

Strange 'Seasons' by Terrestrial Standards

The 'seasons' on the planet must therefore be most peculiar according to terrestrial standards. First much of the northern hemisphere, then much of the southern will be plunged into darkness for twenty-one years at a time, with a corresponding 'midnight sun' in the opposite hemisphere. For the rest of the Uranian year, forty-eight terrestrial years, day and night conditions will be less unfamiliar. The unusual inclination also means that we sometimes look straight at a pole, sometimes at the equator. In 1945, for instance, the pole was presented, and appeared in the centre of the disk. By 1966, the equator will lie across the disk, with the poles at the limbs to either side. The surface appearance would therefore be most interesting if only Uranus were near enough to be more easily studied.

As well as discovering Titania and Oberon, Herschel believed that he had discovered four more satellites, but for once he was mistaken; he had mistaken faint stars for satellites. However, two further attendants, Ariel and Umbriel, were found in 1851 by the English amateur W. Lassell. A fifth was added in 1948 by G. P. Kuiper, working with the 82-inch reflector at the McDonald Observatory in Texas, and has been named Miranda.

All five satellites revolve almost in the plane of Uranus's equator, and may technically be regarded as retrograde, though they move in the same direction as the planet rotates. When the pole is presented, the satellites appear to move in circular paths, since their orbital eccentricities are very small; when the equator is presented, the orbits appear practically linear. However, all are rather difficult objects: Ariel, Titania, and Oberon are of about the 14th magnitude, Umbriel $14\frac{1}{2}$, and Miranda about 17. Estimates of their diameters are naturally rough: the best available values are between 1,300 and 1,800 miles for the three largest, 700 to 900 miles for Umbriel, and 200 miles for Miranda. Titania is slightly the most conspicuous of the five, while Miranda is among the most elusive objects in the Solar System.

No Life on the Planet

It is clear that any form of life on Uranus is out of the question, and its satellites are too small to retain any trace of atmosphere. However, it is fascinating to speculate about the view that would be obtained from a satellite. Jupiter and Saturn would appear as inferior planets, but would not be conspicuous; Uranus, indeed, is as far from Saturn as we are, and is even more remote from Jupiter. The smaller members of the Solar System—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars—would be almost impossible to observe at all, and only Neptune and Pluto would be better seen than from the Earth. The sky would of course be dominated by Uranus itself, which would be a spectacular object. The artist's impression given on the previous page is as accurate as it can be made in view of the present state of our knowledge.

It is true that, in our telescopes, Uranus is far less striking than the closer members of the Solar System. Yet it has many features of unusual interest, and those who have adequate optical aid will find it well worth while to look for the small, greenish disk of this planet.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of May 11.

Charles Holden, Craftsman-Architect

By SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD

CHARLES HENRY HOLDEN, who died on May 1 at the age of nearly eighty-five, was one of the nicest characters I have ever known—and one of the most obstinate. I suppose most craftsmen are obstinate; for they learn by direct experience and trial and error, and eventually their method of work becomes ingrained. Their profession is their recreation, and their work their life. They never retire. Holden, who lived through the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first sixty years of the twentieth, was essentially a craftsman-architect, even if on a metropolitan scale, as his contributions to London Transport and London University clearly prove; and he had the true craftsman's integrity.

Holden was a friendly man when in the congenial company of students, or artists, or the Surveyors' Club, or a building committee with a job to do; but in general he was shy and reserved. His quality was appreciated most by those who worked closely with him—by men such as Frank Pick and Lionel Pearson; and, as was inevitable in such a long life, many of them died before him. I did not get to know him well myself until towards the end of the last war, when we were appointed jointly to devise plans for the reconstruction of the war-damaged City of London. I was nearing forty at the time; he was seventy. But although he was so much the steadier and more experienced member of this temporary partnership he always insisted that we should run as a pair and not tandem. Inevitably we got out of step occasionally, for his tastes were not mine. But even when he would not budge

from some position he had taken up, over the treatment of a traffic junction or the outline of a street block, he admitted that we were erecting only a rough scaffolding for other people to



The Senate House and Tower of London University, designed by Charles Holden

J. Allan Cash

work on. 'If I were designing that building', he would say, 'I would do it like this'. And he would draw it in section and elevation with his pencil. Then he would add, characteristically, 'It's the only sensible way to do it'.

Events later on proved that the kind of sense that Holden appreciated was no longer common. Many owners and users of office buildings and of city blocks—even the government departments themselves at the end of the war—were interested only in floor space and parking space and Business as Usual, and ceased to care what their buildings looked like. Those who did were making new architectural approaches and new assessments of traffic circulation. Like Wren before him, and perhaps without realizing it, Holden had fallen out of sympathy with the times. Architects and critics, with a few loyal exceptions, had already come to regard him for his past achievement rather than for his present performance. This was a considerable change from their pre-war attitude. Twenty years earlier, as students, my contemporaries and I had looked on Holden as an enlightened and even controversial figure in the world of architecture. At the time when we were becoming architectural assistants the headquarters of London Transport had just been built over St. James's Park Underground station. You could walk right through the building on the ground floor and appreciate its logical and ingenious planning. The cruciform office block and the tower 175 feet high—and thus well above the



'That extraordinary oval area between the street level and the escalators' at Piccadilly Circus: another design by Charles Holden

normal height controlled by the London Building Acts—appeared new and exciting. Exciting too were the figures of 'Night' and 'Day' by Epstein and, up above them, the 'Winds' by Eric Gill, Henry Moore, A. H. Gerrard, and others. Some of the architectural details may have seemed awkward and a little heavy, but the form and spirit of the building were original: a sane and sensible solution for a typical twentieth-century problem. Those of us who admired it went back to a Holden building of twenty years earlier, the British Medical Association building in the Strand, designed in 1907. This design had also created architectural pedestals for Epstein figures—already, alas, defaced.

Delving further, we found a series of buildings designed by Holden in the first decade of the century: the extension of the Law Society's building, which turns the corner from Chancery Lane to Carey Street; 62 Oxford Street and 127 High Holborn, also on corners; and, outside London, the Bristol Central Reference Library and the King Edward VII Sanatorium near Midhurst. Comparing the earlier work with the later, it was clear that as he went on Holden was rejecting more and more of the decorative features in the classical vocabulary, and striving to arrive at a plainer statement of the function of each building. In his later work there were no porticos or pediments, no elaborate cornices and no carved capitals. Instead, he was relying on a system of broad horizontal bands and small vertical setbacks to create a massive outline for the containment, so to speak, of his carefully marshalled internal spaces, each of them punctuated by individual windows. Even in his big hospital buildings he seemed anxious to preserve the integrity and solidity of the containing walls. Cantilevered floors and curtains of glass were alien to his way of thinking. The slightly stepped composition that

resulted became characteristic of him, and is seen in his largest and most impressive building, the Senate House of the University of London with its 210-foot tower. Holden loved every step of this tower. I remember looking at it with him one day in the hard winter of 1947, when the sky was brimstone and every horizontal surface of the building was ledged with snow. Standing there we had an argument about the apparent conflict between a steel frame and a monumental cladding of masonry. It was evident from his almost Egyptian smile that it was the monumentality he was after, and that he felt he had achieved it here.

But it may, after all, be his craftsmanship and his designs for industry by which he will be best remembered; for they were applied to the whole range of structures and details which he designed for London Transport in the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties. This was fundamentally an engineering programme, and Holden not only met the requirements of engineers and traffic managers but respected their point of view and made them respect his own. The consistent and workmanlike standards of design that resulted from the collaboration of Frank Pick and Charles Holden helped to give the public transport of London—in everything from poster frames to underground concourses—a clean, distinctive look. In stations such as Arncliffe Grove and Sudbury Town, Holden has written his own name indelibly on the map of London; and every time I pass through Piccadilly Circus, in that extraordinary oval area between the street level and the escalators, which is so busy with entrances and exits and little more than nine feet high, I am reminded of his quiet discipline and his patience and his sense of orderly design, which helped to transform this confusion of passages into a piece of subterranean architecture.

Casanova: the Perfect Adventurer

By OWEN HOLLOWAY

THE puzzling thing about Casanova is the legend he has generated. I venture to believe he seems such an awkward customer not because he was awkward, but because he makes us so. The virtue of the saints seems to depend on the misdoings of sinners. With the way one thing leads to another, one soon cannot say with any confidence which is the cause and which the effect. In short, it is providential that there should be a black sheep now and again. He is necessary for the comfort of society: but only, of course, if he shows himself penitent, when he cannot brazen it out any longer; hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

The trouble with Casanova is that he refuses to play this little game, and even turns the tables on us. 'Why should it be disreputable for me to have told the truth?' he says. Undoubtedly it is his outspokenness that has done him the harm. To tell the unpleasant truth, if the truth is unpleasant, turns you into an unpleasant person. What makes Casanova seem so like a kind of devil is his positively terrifying intelligence, coupled with the diabolical self-possession he therefore seems to display. There is much the same influence of form on content in the novel *Dangerous Acquaintances* by Choderlos de Laclos. The villains there are such villains for the simple reason that the narrative is in the first person, so that everyone has to seem so cold-blooded about what he does. Casanova himself suggests that this relativism of the facts is a vicious circle that can actually be unravelled. The unravelling of it shows up as evil much that pretends to be good, and vindicates what might be reckoned evil in consequence as, on the contrary, very good. This is the method which he called, jocularly, 'cannon off the cush'.

Take the man as he shows himself in the classic account of his escape from prison in Venice. He had been living like the young hothead he was—a thoroughbred, as he proudly said, but either not broken in or broken in badly. The irony of it was that the more disreputable his life, the safer he ought to have been from the police. Debauchery was all to the advantage of the state: it kept

the citizen from worrying about politics. What Casanova had been arrested for, on the contrary, was possessing opinions and books which authority did not choose he should possess. Every inherited idea of this system of intolerable but irresistible power into which he had been born reminded him that henceforth he had no hope. His companions in misfortune assured him it was so. Be thankful, at least, you are left with your life, his intelligence might have told him. But, as he said, with sublime modesty, he did not use his head; he listened to the voice of nature, like a little animal: reasoning against reason, he preferred liberty to life itself. 'Cannon off the cush' again!

Incidentally, he trumped the ace of his gaolers. After he had contrived his almost miraculous escape, he left a letter for them. 'Religion itself', he wrote, 'can scarcely require me to be a slave. It is the duty of the police to use every means to hold a delinquent by force. But they have not needed his consent to imprison him; consequently, he has not asked their leave to recover his liberty'. And he ended up in the triumphant cry of the Psalmist: 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord!' Perhaps you think this is the devil quoting scripture to his purpose. I suggest that it is only in this apparently contradictory way, by 'cannon off the cush', that we can pick out, as he did, what was good and what was evil in his long life.

It may be that, secretly, we want the evil. To look for any seriousness in this high priest of pleasure, or in his Venice, is to spoil the sport, you will say. The Mediterranean climate, the setting, the unvarying air of carnival and disguise and assignments; the festivals and excursions and music, in gardens worthy of them; the theatre of Goldoni; the opera, the gaming in the casinos, the convents like salons—all these circumstances marked Venice out to be what it had become for the international leisure-class, up to the very sovereigns themselves—the sink of Europe. Yet somehow, by his little experience of prison, Casanova cleans all that up.

Let me explain. The history of Europe is the story, first, of a

leisure class whose military or ecclesiastical position exempts them from concern with the socially inferior labour of production. When this class has been either liquidated by civil war or transmogrified into courtiers, our history is, next, in the Reformation period, one of sovereigns who claim absolute power. A sovereign must be above the law: the title of ruler would be worth nothing if it had to be shared in any way with his subjects. But the great development of Casanova's time, the time of the Enlightenment, was that the exercise of power in the interest of a ruling caste was brought before the bar of natural justice and the welfare of what is called, however vaguely, the individual. Instinctively, I suggest, Casanova was made to recognize this; instinctively he came out on the side of the good.

It is the patronizing slander of him by critics, never the man himself, that I find squalid: it is they and not he who make me feel I have got into bad company. One book, for example, labours on page after page to prove to me that to Casanova any woman was like any other, and none of them very different from a good meal. And this, when Casanova himself explicitly complains that it was curiosity, novelty, that were his undoing as a sensualist, though he knew that it is the beginning of vice when you distinguish and individualize your choices. Love is really a very awful thing; it is quite different from marriage. We may prefer our illusions about it, perhaps, but then we cannot in fairness lay the blame for our own timidity on the man who does explore the matter. Casanova did explore; moreover, he habitually inspired love, even if (at the end) only on paper. The risks, and the sincerity (or absence of it) were equal, on either side; there was no victimizer and no victim; otherwise there would have been no pleasure. Consider the virtue that was then generally expected of women. Rousseau tells you what it was: the stricter her family was with a girl before marriage, the freer she felt she could afford to be afterwards; and so Rousseau made his own virtuous heroine free before marriage but strict afterwards. A great many of Casanova's heroines were like this. He was no professional seducer, and none of his readers can ever have debated more seriously than he did whether these parts of his book ought not to be burnt.

He was unusually frank because he had been born into the always suspiciously shady life, then, of actor parents, and had his own way to make in the only fashion a young fellow without fortune or title could—in one of the professions. Getting his degree, successively he tried the Church, the Army, and the Law. He began to fall, rather than rise, in the social scale. Fortune, for no good reason, seemed determined to make him lose his balance; after he had been adopted overnight as a son by one of the greatest men in Venice, he was just as suddenly consigned to the living death of prison. His escape doomed him to eat the bread of exile, and to ceaseless wandering over the face of Europe. When after eighteen years his efforts to return to his own country were successful, he was nearly fifty, and it was too late for him to make a regular career. Ten years more, and he was on the shelf for ever. Then, in his frustration, when he was getting on for seventy, and finally abroad and beyond return, he began the creation of what was destined to be his immortality.

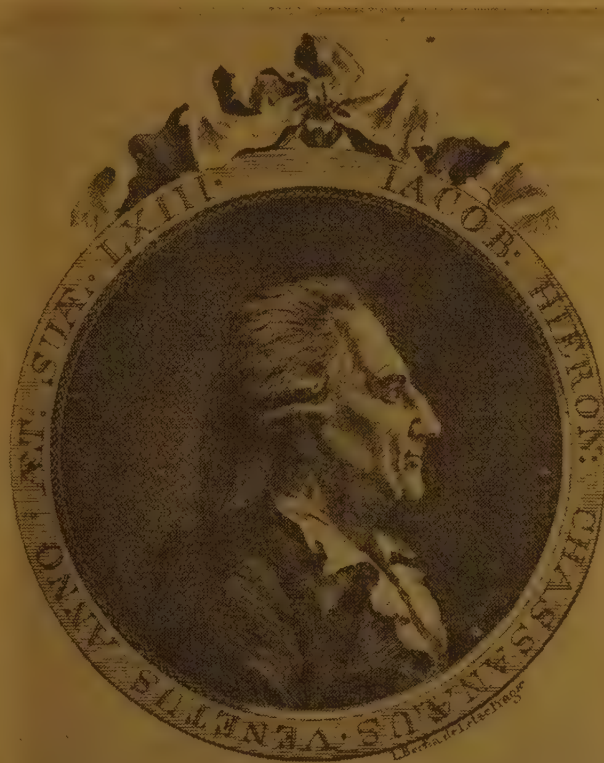
The way he himself put it was that force of circumstances made him an adventurer, in the sense in which a man must be

one who is turned out of his country into the wide world with no fortune of his own. Historically, the time was ripe for the adventurer in this serious sense, and Paris the best place in the world for his ambition. The second classic passage from the memoirs of Casanova, after his escape from prison, is his description of the revolution in the old order that had followed the first dizzy onset of stock-exchange speculation round 1720. Another generation, and money had already, in effect, dissolved the old hierarchical structure. Dynasties of financiers, backed up by business sense, were already living like the princes they had become, and the one time privileged classes, nobility and clergy, and even the monarchy itself, had in all but name been replaced as masters of the state.

An eminent diplomat whom Casanova had known intimately in his casino introduced him to the future Foreign Minister, who passed him to the Ministry of Finance. The biggest of the bankers, it seemed, had a scheme in his head, but it was going to cost twenty millions. 'Only Almighty God has the privilege of creating on that scale', said Casanova reflectively, when it was put to him. 'Still, I'll see what I can do'. And he did it.

Any success of his tends to be linked in our memory with the suspicion of sharp practice, but we should in justice take account of the terms of the new era of financial opportunity or opportunism. He did not make them: it was his society which did that. It is because of them that he was an adventurer, to be heard of in every setting, aristocratic, literary and learned and gallant, with every type of being, from sovereigns and other masters of the hour down to dwellers in garrets and slums.

The very epicureanism, or anti-asceticism, of this existence had its progressive aspect. We sometimes forget how revolutionary was the hypothesis, in the Enlightenment, that the world could be more than a vale of tears. Our own society, which finds in 'security', as we call it, only the



Casanova at the age of sixty-three, a contemporary engraving by Berka. The inscription reads: 'The face of the world is different: I look for myself, and am not there. I am not what I was nor am I thought to be: I was once.'

excuse for threats of war, is so upside-down that the normal is bound to seem abnormal. We do not sympathize with Casanova's book of happiness. We are used to autobiography which always pretends to contain the purest of motives. The sort of thing we understand is Rousseau's anguished obsession with the judgment of posterity, his ambiguous outpouring of divided purposes in terms of an at bottom very simple-minded guilt or innocence. Alas! that we should be so craven, says Casanova, who knew Rousseau only too well: the man who makes a clean breast of his guilt is a pleasanter sight than an innocent man prevaricating. Rousseau presents ethical questions as we should like them to be, by tortuous and interminable reasoning: Casanova reports—not on our principles, so much as on the practical propositions of a hard world. Let us take human affairs for what they really are, he says, and work out virtue on this relative basis, by 'cannon off the cushion'.

The clearest statement he ever made of his findings runs something like this: the weakness men are most subject to is credulity—the intelligent even more than the stupid among them, oddly enough—and it is only a logical consequence, if there are, first, so many misanthropes, and second, so many knaves to batten on the fools. The danger of the misanthrope, Casanova knew from the case of Rousseau. 'God help the man', he says, 'who is only saved from suicide by the excuse that his woes are fate, or other-

wise somehow not his own fault'. As for knaves and fools, it might seem self-evident that it was more righteous to be a fool than a knave. But even this must be reasoned out, and we find there is no need to take the alternative as absolute. The knave is no more dishonoured than his victim, and he is at least human, whereas the fool is more of an animal than a man: the knave will learn honesty faster than the fool will ever learn sense. If all this seems more like the reason of state of the old order of things than it is like the gospel of the Enlightenment, I am not claiming Casanova was any more of a philosopher than his contemporary, the enlightened despot Frederick the Great.

Careless about Saving his own Skin

Every class in a hierarchized community like ours has its own talent, derived from its position in our common affairs. Rousseau, as he himself said, is an artisan: he is plebeian to the core. Casanova was a bit of a wandering Jew, but, as his old friend the Prince de Ligne remarked, he was a gentleman. It is his strength, and perhaps his weakness. It presupposes that you must be rather of the elect to understand him; just as there are children's books, so there are other books for grown-ups only. It is almost too hard for mortal man, for it presupposes that he be as ready to tell everything as nothing, and that, for example, he be as careful of the reputation of others as he is careless about saving his own skin. Yet Casanova was this, and of how many of the great names in literature can that be said?

You can test how he realizes this almost impossible ideal in the integrity and tolerance he adopts towards the intolerable, as he met it in the prisons of the Venetian state. The thing you are almost tempted to forget is that he is not a fictional character, whose existence is always slightly ironic, but that he really lived. Into the few pages of that wonderful preface to his memoirs, he put down more wisdom and more sincerity than are usually scattered through as many volumes. 'If these memoirs are ever read', he writes, 'it will only be when I am not here to care about the result. This doesn't prevent my longing for the appreciation that will, I am persuaded, approve my veracity. And yet, what else could I be but honest, when it is for myself, at bottom, that I am writing? One can never deceive oneself'. It would be ridiculous if it were not sublime.

Now, with the new edition of the manuscript itself*, for the first time we have that inimitable accent of truth in his own exact words. The German publisher Brockhaus who bought it 140 years ago had a problem on his hands at that time. French was not Casanova's native language, and to get the twelve volumes past the censorship as well it seemed prudent to tone them down and rewrite them. The text of the manuscript that we now have is, of course, sufficient in itself, but in other respects the present publication supplements and does not aim at superseding the lavishly illustrated and annotated Sirène edition of the nineteen-twenties. It is a joy to have no more of that style of perpetual conventional gallantry of the original editor. It hid so much that was human and tender and exquisite.

Passion of Murano

Take Casanova's more than 200-page story of what may be called his Passion of Murano. He was twenty-eight at the time, at the very height of his fortunes in Venice—it was just before his prison and exile. The actors in this drama were four in number—himself; his own fourteen-year-old innamorata; then a slightly older convent friend of hers, a free-thinking and rebellious genius; and her lover—and he was no less a person than the future Cardinal and Minister of Foreign Affairs of France. Hand in hand, the four of them tread the labyrinth where friendship struggles with love, and indulgence and transgression with courage and sacrifice and pardon. Mortal storms over the lagoons threaten their assignments; a scoundrelly brother of the adolescent is a foil to her innocence; at one moment an impostor even tries to play the part of one of them; finally, the fate-laden diplomat departs—to arrange the neutrality of Austria in the Seven Years War. 'So ended the carnival', writes Casanova. It is exasperating when you think that even a little sentence like that was missing in the previous versions. But there are countless touches everywhere

that we never saw before—for example, in the moonlight adventure with 'a malignant and a turbaned Turk' at the pavilion on the Sea of Marmara which gave Casanova the wildest moment of his whole career; perhaps, as he says, because the experience owed more to his imagination than to reality.

The unique thing about this great book, besides the unique character of the man, is its air of being at the very moment it was happening. Not the least of the wonders is how he could keep his precious trunk of diaries and correspondence intact during the most arduous wanderings any mortal can ever have had inflicted upon him. He is living things over in almost hallucinatory detail, with all the suspense about what will be coming next. In prison, in a place where the false seemed true, so that reality itself was denatured and turned into a dream, Casanova had found that most men die without having ever really thought at all, during their whole life. But in this raconteur of genius there are two Casanovas. Not merely because of the freshness of youth that he retained in old age; no, in the sense of Pascal, that man is a reed, 'a broken reed' perhaps; but even if man is only a reed, he is a *thinking* reed. Whenever the one Casanova makes us uncomfortable, surely we have a duty to remember that there is also the other one, who learned how to write about him.

It was one thing to rise to the eminence of Rousseau. Rousseau had a writer's genius, and he lived that way, in view of the printed page as it were: but not otherwise. When we say that his *Confessions* are a greater book than the memoirs of our adventurer, we must in justice realize the limitations of literature. Casanova, who writes despite his lack of a language of his own, and is interested only in the truth, not in 'guilt' or 'innocence' as such, has the greater triumph in the end.—*Third Programme*

The Heron

On lonely river-mud a heron alone
Of all things moving—water, reeds, and mist—
Maintains his sculptured attitude of stone.
A dead leaf floats on the sliding river kissed
By its own reflection in a brief farewell.
Movement without sound; the evening drifts
On autumn tides of colour, light, and smell
Of warm decay; and now the heron lifts
Enormous wings in elegy: a grey
Shadow that seems to bear the light away.

PHOEBE HESKETH

Stirrings

Softened earth by the gate is chocolate-rich.
The tractor, with its turning wake of gulls
leaves the rough fallow squared and ruled—
a new corduroy patch on the frosted tawny landscape
that shrouds the winter farm.

Distance softens the stark articulation
of the trees, but rising sap has not yet loosened
their clenched buds. That subtle change
when charcoal coverts lighten with faint crimson and amber
waits for a south-west wind.

Birds are calling softly; a pheasant hurtles.
Magpies have mated, peewits still in flocks
busily quarter the growing pasture;
while in last year's clutter under the hedge, wild parsley fronds
uncurl, eager and fresh.

The old man at the lodge breathes the soft air
more deeply. Aye, he's managed to weather the winter.

This apple-tree, though, it's likely finished,
a hard season takes toll. Cows, now, 'll relish that green.

So shall we all, I say.

I. H. SEED

*The full original text of Casanova's memoirs is being published in six volumes, of which the first two have recently appeared in Germany and France

Charles II: 'The Black Boy'

MAURICE ASHLEY discusses an exhibition of the King's portraits

THE Stuart Kings of England afford a jumble of fact and myth. Among them, from James I, who became King of Scotland when he was fifteen months old, to his grandson, James II, and the Old and Young Pretenders, may be discovered heroes, martyrs, saints, and sinners—and perhaps just plain fools. Charles I was always depicted as a martyr and a saint; but James II, as Mr. David Ogg has observed, has not yet been canonized.

This year is commemorated the restoration of Charles the Martyr's son, King Charles II, who, after many adventures and rebuffs, returned to London to claim his throne on May 29, 1660. In a fascinating exhibition now on view at the National Portrait Gallery in London one can follow his story in pictures through his exciting youth to his triumphant Coronation and his cynical middle age. He was born on May 29, 1630, was restored exactly thirty years later, and died of a stroke, brought about by his habits of life, on February 6, 1685. After that came the deluge.

Charles II's mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, complained that he was so ugly that she was ashamed of him; he was 'a black boy', though 'his size and features supply the want of beauty'. Actually Anthony Van Dyck and William Dobson (one of the few good English portrait painters of the seventeenth century) make him look an attractive child and, to judge by other portraits, he darkened and became uglier as he grew older. Van Dyck, though technically brilliant, allowed sentiment to move him. The portraits that he did of King Charles I have contributed to the legend of the

soulful martyred hero, though Pot and others have shown that he was a perky little man, rather uncertain of himself. Van Dyck was as courtier-like towards the son. His portrait of the future Charles II at the age of eight* dressed him up in incongruous armour. Dobson pictures him when he was fourteen (also in armour). The boy's sensual lips are already noticeable.

When he was twenty-one, Charles II achieved his astonishing escape to France after the battle of Worcester, in which the Scots and royalists had been decisively defeated by Oliver Cromwell. The oak tree near Boscobel

House in which Charles hid from the pursuing Parliamentarians is twice depicted in allegorical engravings on view at this exhibition. But of course more notable than the escape was the heroic fight put up by Charles II at Worcester. In that battle Charles showed courage and leadership, whereas the famous Scots general, Leslie, seems to have played a doubtful part. Ever since then the royal

oak has been a symbol or emblem of Stuart kingship and part of the cult of government and property. Another symbol in contemporary allegory was the crown of martyrdom: an embroidered picture, dating from before the battle of Worcester, portrays Charles I spurning his earthly crown in preference for the Crown of Thorns, while to the left Charles II is seen receiving his crown from two angels; an engraving shows how the sufferings of the martyr's son as a King in exile (he was to spend seven years in France, the Netherlands, and Germany, awaiting his restoration) were considered to have been assimilated to the sufferings of his father, for in it he too bears a Crown of Thorns.

However, ultimately the restoration came. General George Monck summoned a Convention to meet at Westminster, and on May 8 it proclaimed Charles II King by birthright. His restoration was achieved without bloodshed. On May 25 Monck welcomed him at Dover, and he received a Bible from the hands of the Mayor, to

whom the King said that he would regard it as his most treasured possession. His coronation in 1661 is seen in an engraving by Hollar in all its glory, with the future James II prancing along on horseback. Then Charles married Catherine of Braganza, who

brought Bombay and Tangier and two million cruzados as part of her dowry. But even the court painters could not make Catherine look a beauty; and the King found his consolations elsewhere.

Charles himself was far from handsome. All his portraits show him to have been tall and dark with a big nose. Speaking of one of them, he is supposed to have said: 'Is this like me? Odds-fish then I'm an ugly fellow'. But he had immense charm and some of the paintings indicate this. There were two outstanding painters in the early restoration years: one the English miniaturist, Samuel Cooper, the



King Charles II: an unfinished miniature by Samuel Cooper
Chiddingstone Castle collection



Charles II dancing with his sister, Mary of Orange, perhaps at a ball at The Hague: detail of a painting by Hieronymus Janssens, c. 1660. Seated behind Charles, right (wearing hat) is James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II; the child in the centre is the future William III
In the collection of H.M. the Queen

* A version of it was reproduced on the cover of THE LISTENER on March 10

other the naturalized Dutchman, Sir Peter Lely. Both of them were paid a pension or retaining fee of £200 a year, which might be worth twenty times as much in modern values. Cooper did unfinished miniatures both of Cromwell and of Charles II (depicted on the previous page). Lely was a better painter of men than of women. It is because one thinks of Charles II's mistresses in his terms that they appear so disappointing in comparison with the ravishing descriptions by Pepys or Evelyn, and indeed their portraits are often indistinguishable and muddlingly ascribed.

But naturally in these royal portraits, or portraits painted to please royalty, there was always an element of flattery, especially in Van Dyck, Lely, and their school. Sometimes the real man almost vanishes under his armour or robes. This is why the portrait of Charles II neither in robes nor in armour attributed to Danc-kerts (reproduced on the cover) is well worth examining. But perhaps most striking of all are the crayon drawings done by Cooper for the Restoration coinage. Here is the man in all his weakness and strength. For Samuel Cooper was indeed a 'rare limner'.

'Our Experience of God'

H. D. LEWIS and DAVID JENKINS discuss intuition, evidence, and belief

*In this discussion H. D. Lewis, Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion at London University, and the Rev. David Jenkins, Lecturer in Theology at Oxford University and Chaplain of The Queen's College, consider the implications of the main argument in Professor Lewis's recent book, 'Our Experience of God'**

David Jenkins: In the first chapter of your book *Our Experience of God* you say that you are anxious to maintain that there must be at the core of religion something significant to which the distinction of true and false in the normal or literal sense applies, however elusive or metaphorical its form. I share this anxiety of yours to the full. As a Christian I am clear that when we discuss the language which religious people use about their beliefs and about their actions it does not matter how detailed or technically philosophical that discussion may get, the ultimate question always remains: whether the language, however it works, is rightly related to some statements which are true in the normal or literal sense. The language may not, and very often does not, operate in the normal and literal sense of the words used—and that, of course, is the whole difficulty of it—but there is always this question of truth, in the normal and literal sense of the word 'truth'. It seems to me that to pretend that this question of truth need not arise is to side-step the main point at issue; and to maintain that it cannot arise is to rule Christianity out altogether. I take it you would agree that it is as urgent as this?

H. D. Lewis: Yes, I certainly would agree with that. It is idle to attempt to renew a deep and genuine interest in religion except on the basis of affirmations we take to be true or, at the very least, likely to be true. However interesting or impressive religious assertions, or the practices associated with them, may be, in some other ways, they cannot take a deep hold unless we really believe them. And, furthermore, we do not believe anything except in the form of taking it that something is in fact the case. A belief is true if what we hold is the case. I believe there is a table in this room: my belief is true if in fact there is one.

Jenkins: Yes; but you do know that some consider this an unexciting view of truth or philosophically unfruitful?

The Truth of Religious Beliefs

Lewis: I do; but that seems to me frankly absurd. The first thing to ask about theories of truth themselves is not whether they are exciting but whether they are true or sound. And this seems to me no less important, but on the contrary all the more important, when our beliefs are about moral and religious matters. In saying this I am sharply opposing a tendency which is widespread and influential today, namely that of people who might agree with what I said about the table but hold that the cases of morals and religion are different. To hold a religious belief—for example, that there is a God, or that God loves the world—is, so some maintain, a matter of having some slant upon the world, adopting some attitude towards it, or putting on peculiar spectacles. I shall not discuss this as you plainly agree with me about it. But I must insist that it is fundamental to all that I maintain in my book that religious beliefs should be taken to be true in the sense of maintaining what is in fact the case.

Jenkins: Good. So we can therefore take up what seems to me

to be your account of how we do know that religious assertions are true. If I read you aright, you would maintain that there are two classes of experience which are particularly concerned with knowledge and truth in religious matters. The first class is confined to experiences—or perhaps I should say an experience—of one type, and that a unique one. You call this, though with some hesitation it is true, intuition of God, and describe it as 'this initial religious insight'. It is an experience which may come to anyone and is an 'apprehension of the inevitability of there being one ultimate and complete or unconditioned reality'. Elsewhere you describe this experience like this: 'In one leap of thought we ascend to both the meaning and the inevitable being of the infinite or underived'. In your discussion of this intuition of God I take you to be saying that a fundamental datum or criterion in religious knowledge is an experience which many of us have had, and all of us may have, in which we know, without any further support or reason, but simply in the experience itself, both something of what it means to be infinite, perfect, underived, and so on, and that a being who is perfect, underived, and so on, must exist.

Intuition

Lewis: Yes; but I have a misgiving about the term intuition. I want to retain this term mainly for its cognitive value; it stands for something we know. And it certainly does not stand for something which is subjective or private to me. True, I cannot know or believe anything by intuition, or in any other way, without myself having the intuition. But what I do claim to know in this way is not that something is happening to me but that something is in fact the case, whether I know it or not. And the process is said to be intuitive because there are no steps in it as in an argument, or any special facts from which it is derived. This is also why I use the metaphor 'one leap of thought'. I take it that we see by one peculiar undiversified insight that God simply has to be.

Jenkins: This is all very well, but will it do as an account of initial religious insight? If you hold that this insight, which is the basic criterion for recognizing, testing, assessing other religious experiences, is this experience of intuiting God, are you not in danger of being too subjective, individualistic, and unhistorical?

Lewis: In a way it may seem so; and I know anyone may dig in his heels and say that he just sees something to be true. The fundamentalist, the crank, the pagan, the believer in a flat earth, the atheist, any one of these may silence all argument by simply affirming bluntly that they have some intuition of the truth. One blind assertion is thus opposed to another, and at best we can only agree to differ. The position as I hold it, however, is not like that. In many cases we can point out that some allegedly intuitive claim is confused or absurd, or that it is the sort of thing which if known could be known only by appropriate evidence. To believe in intuitive knowledge is not to give anyone who likes a licence to lay claim to intuitions at random. There none the less seem to be some matters which we do know without being able to give further reasons for them, the steps in an argument for instance. We either see the point or we do not. But as every good teacher knows, we are not wholly at a loss when someone does not see

the point. We cannot adduce further reasons, but there are various devices by which the pupil may be helped to see. The earlier points may be gone over in a new way, analogous cases may be cited, and so on. But the pupil must, all the same, just see for himself. There is no further proof possible. And what the master claims to see, and hopes the pupil will also see eventually, is what is in fact the case. There is no departing from this because mistakes are made, or because prejudice is sometimes, as it is, powerful. We do not lose confidence in what we seem plainly to see to be the case because we may be, and sometimes are, deluded.

Jenkins: But when we see that God must be, is this just like seeing the point in an argument?

Lewis: No; not quite: for there is no argument here. On the other hand the intuition is not a wild or random one. We can show how or where it arises. There are, again, techniques or devices for evoking it. Perhaps the most useful, at least as far as philosophical reflection is concerned, is to ask ourselves or others whether we can believe that the world just happens to be, or came into being by chance. Confronted with this question an opponent may well say: 'Well, if the world did not just happen, what sort of explanation do you offer?' And if we fall for this and suggest an explanation, or even indicate what sort of one would do, we are dealing at once with something which can only be itself some part or feature of the world, and which would need to be explained in turn. Now this is just where we must not be daunted, for the main point is this: that while we cannot, that is in principle cannot, indicate what the explanation required could be, we still feel that, in some strange sense, explanation there must be—explanation in inverted commas, if you like. And in this and kindred ways we are brought to the recognition that the world, including ourselves, is rooted in some mysterious source whose essence must for ever elude us. We see it in seeing its inevitability as explanation, in this uniquely strange sense of explanation, and religious testimony confirms this. 'No man hath seen God'. He is the great 'I am'.

Underlying Sense of Mystery

Jenkins: This seems to me to be the same as saying that the ontological argument, at any rate in its Anselmian form, is describing this basic religious experience, though it cannot be taken as a proof to anyone who has not yet recognized that experience among his own experiences.

Lewis: Yes: as an argument, the ontological argument involves the mistake, often pointed out, of supposing that existence is a predicate. But behind Anselm's arguments and errors, and behind the cosmological argument from cause and effect as well, lies this sense or intuition of mystery that I have been describing.

Jenkins: Yes. But it is this question of basic religious experience that I am wondering about. Is not putting it this way impossibly sophisticated and alien to what really goes on? You seem to be saying that we start off by intuiting God. But have you in mind, or do you imagine, that there is anyone who as a matter of fact, so to speak, experiences an intuition of God, and then perceives content, validity, meaning, and so on in religious language, symbols, and practice? Surely there is always, in fact, a pattern of religious belief, language, symbolism, and practice which is in use, and by groups of believers, who have a corporate existence, both in the present and in tradition and history?

Lewis: I do think that there are many cases where people have some sense of there being a God, and never get beyond this. There are agnostics, and even out-and-out atheists, who sometimes confess to a sense of wonder at the world and of the strangeness and mystery of existence. This is certainly not something to be smothered. It does give us something very important on which to build. It is striking how prone our empiricist philosophical agnostics are—especially in recent times—to worry about the question: 'Why is there anything at all?' Many of them admit that this is a question we must ask. But normally, of course, the religious person does not become aware that there is God, and then, as a kind of second step, consider what more may be learnt about him. It is much more a sense of certain things being disclosed, in a variety of subtle ways, in which the sense of there being a God is almost like the form which, for example, certain

requirements have, by which they present themselves to us as the will of God. For the purpose of analysis we may separate the sense of the being of God from what is known about Him. But there is very little consciousness of this separation in normal religious experience, and to suggest that there was some sort of two steps would in fact be a travesty of real religion.

Tradition and Corporate Usage

Jenkins: I still feel that to work out your ideas fully and satisfactorily you will have to pay more attention to the part played by tradition, history, and corporate usage, in the formation of the language of religious assertions. I suspect that it is only as one fits your stress on individual experience and conviction into this corporate and historical locus of religious language that we shall approach an adequate account of how the language works, and therefore be able to give any adequate account of how it is known to be true or false.

For instance, consider the famous account in the sixth chapter of the Book of Isaiah of the experience which constituted Isaiah's call. You may well say that it points to the fact that Isaiah had an intuition of God, which was absolutely self-authenticating and neither required, nor indeed allowed, argument. But it took place in the Temple, with all its concrete, symbolic, and traditional associations, and the visionary experience took both its visual and its auditory form from religious tradition—for example, the Seraphim, the scene, and the words, 'Holy, Holy, Holy'. It is, surely, both difficult, indeed I think quite likely impossible, and wrong to separate out the directly intuited and the symbolically mediated: The intuitive element needs the symbols which tie it in with a specific and handed-on religious belief to give it meaning and content—that is to show that what is intuitively cognized, on your theory, is God, even if the symbols on the other hand require to be accompanied by some intuition which gives the conviction that what the symbol conveys really is God. Surely, even if one can isolate this generalized intuition of God, at any rate for the sake of discussing religious epistemology, sufficient account must always be taken of the fact that in practice it goes with specific beliefs, patterns of symbolism of certain events.

Lewis: I certainly yield to no one in stressing the need for specific religious beliefs, especially for the Christian faith. What I maintain is that the sense of God, or the intuition of his being and mystery, has come to men recurrently, in significant association with certain events or situations, and that on the basis of these, and especially their patterns, which I very much stress, and the linkage with certain stretches of history, we get the distinctive beliefs that Christians hold, and we do get here the validation of these distinctive claims coming from the way in which the intuition is integrated, as it were, into the particular situation. And at this stage, although the intuition of the being of God is involved, the main appeal is to evidence, to facts or occurrences. But these are unusual facts; they include distinctively religious elements which can only be apprehended and assessed in a religious way, as one has to be musical to appreciate music. But there is nothing subjective about this, and I do not think I leave the believer at all in a defenceless position. His defence is to exhibit the evidence as found in the scriptures in particular. But this can only become effective in so far as we are able to assimilate into our own enlivened experience the patterned experience of others, sustained and organized and given doctrinal and symbolic form, and so on, in the life of a witnessing community.

The Exodus

Jenkins: Let us look at an example of a particular piece of evidence, which a believer might exhibit from scripture, and consider the question of truth and falsity in relation to it. I suggest we take in the sketchiest sort of way, as our example, the account of the Exodus. This is central to the religious faith of the Jews, and relevant to the Christian idea of deliverance and salvation. The Jews believed that it was as a matter of fact the case that the Lord had delivered their fathers from Egypt, with a mighty hand and stretched out arm, as the Book of Deuteronomy puts it. This belief was one of the main reasons for their more

(concluded on page 888)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

May 11-17

Wednesday, May 11

Mr. Khrushchev, speaking at a news conference in Moscow, describes the recent flight over Russia by an American intelligence aircraft as 'an open threat to peace' and says that the pilot will be tried 'strictly according to the law'

The Swiss Government orders the expulsion of two officials of the Soviet Embassy in Berne for spying

The Kenya Government is to buy land in European farming areas and sell it to Africans and Asians

Thursday, May 12

Conservatives gain control of twelve councils in the borough elections in England and Wales

British trawlers are to stay outside Iceland's twelve-miles fishing limit for the next three months

Aly Khan, son of the former Aga Khan, is killed in a motor accident near Paris

Friday, May 13

In a *communiqué* at the end of the Commonwealth conference it is stated that the question of South Africa remaining a member of the Commonwealth should be left until after the referendum on whether she should become a republic

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are to visit Pakistan next February

Saturday, May 14

Mr. Khrushchev arrives in Paris for the 'summit' conference

South African children, whose parents are detained under the emergency laws, demonstrate in Johannesburg

Sunday, May 15

President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan arrive in Paris

The Russians launch a four-ton space-ship, carrying a dummy man, into orbit round the earth

The fourteen elected members of the Kenya Legislative Council say they will resign in a month's time unless they are allowed to see Jomo Kenyatta, the exiled Mau Mau leader

Monday, May 16

Mr. Khrushchev proposes adjournment of the 'summit' conference and withdraws his invitation to President Eisenhower to visit Russia

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are to visit West Africa next November

Tuesday, May 17

Mr. Khrushchev continues to demand from President Eisenhower a public apology for the recent intelligence flight over Russia. The President is unwilling to make this, and the 'summit' conference finally breaks down

The United States strongly supports the plans of the 'outer seven' trading countries at the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade conference at Geneva



Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Macmillan photographed in Paris last Sunday after an informal meeting at the British Embassy before the 'summit' conference was due to open. A demand by Mr. Khrushchev the following day for a public apology from President Eisenhower about the recent intelligence flight over Russia by an American aircraft jeopardized the opening of the conference



The new 27,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner 'Empress of Canada' going down the slipway at Walker-on-Tyne after her launching on May 10 by Mrs. Diefenbaker, wife of the Canadian Prime Minister



with the Queen Mother with students of the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in Salisbury, where she conferred degrees on May 13



A new photograph of the Kariba Dam on the Zambezi River which was opened by the Queen Mother on May 17. When the artificial lake is filled to capacity it will cover some 2,000 square miles



into Jerusalem': a rehearsal of the Passion play at Oberammergau, Bavaria, which opens today. The season of plays is performed only every ten years

John Kennedy of Massachusetts reading accounts in the press of his victory in the primary election on May 11 for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. His opponent, Senator Humphrey, has withdrawn as a candidate for the nomination



The Queen presenting the cup to D. Turner, captain of Wakefield Trinity, after his team had beaten Hull by 38 points to 5 in the Rugby League Challenge Cup Final at Wembley last Saturday



'Our Experience of God'

(concluded from page 885)

general belief that the Lord cared for them and was a God who did deliver men. They could therefore with confidence look forward to his final loving deliverance when he sent his Messiah.

How do we know that the Jews were right in discerning, in some events in their history, the account of which is now doubtless overlaid with legend and symbolism, that God was claiming these events especially as his own, as you would put it, and that they therefore were justified in believing in God as a loving and delivering God? The position would seem to be that they claimed to recognize God in certain events in their history; they therefore interpreted these events, and wrote them up, in a highly symbolic and theological way. The events thus became religious symbols, warranting certain statements about God; and these statements were held so much to be, as a matter of fact, the case that you could rightly live your life in the light of them, even in the face of contemporary facts which very often seemed to count heavily against what the statements said. And, further, you could even understand the future of the world in the light of these statements.

How do we know that at the heart of all this was not just an attitude, a way of treating things, some sort of wishful thinking perhaps? That is, how do we know that the attitude of faith was based on a knowledge of what God had in fact done?

Lewis: In the first place, there lies at the heart of this story of Exodus the formative experience of Moses at the burning bush. Moses could not see the face of God, or even learn his name. He could be told only 'I am that I am'. Here indeed is absolute mystery, a sense of supreme perfection and holiness that we cannot expressly characterize or describe. But, on the other hand, it is within this overwhelming but most elusive experience that Moses begins to acquire a sense of direction as leader of his people. He learns about God in learning what is required of him in a certain situation in the world of men, in the here and now of this world; but learning it in a peculiar association with a sense of God's mystery and holiness. In this association we do have, in a way that is roughly analogous to our knowledge of one another, a guarantee of objectivity—or, at least, we do have the beginnings of this. But we need also to stress that this one event is not to be detached from others. This is why I stress so much the pattern of revelatory occurrences by which their full meaning is established and which does provide in this way a guarantee of their validity or their objectivity, as you like it. And, like you, I believe that the actual occurrences are sustained and extended into others, and into life as a whole, by images, ritual, doctrine, and so on. Images or symbols have thus the utmost importance, but only in their relation to the occurrences they mirror. They do not signify of themselves in religion, if indeed anywhere.

Jenkins: You cannot separate the context of use and tradition which gives meaning to discoveries about God in particular circumstances and events from the experience which gives conviction of the truth of the discoveries. This conviction of truth depends both upon the

way in which the significant event fits into the already existing and significant pattern, and upon the immediate perception of God in the events, which perception itself may well be recognized for what it is by the use made of symbols and ideas belonging to the whole religious context.

To touch, briefly, on an example which is the crux of the whole matter as far as Christians are concerned, we have the recognition of Jesus as the Christ, and the recognition of Jesus Christ as God with us as a man. I do not think you could say on any grounds that the man Jesus was intuited as God. But because of the way in which he, a Palestinian Jew of the time of Augustus and Tiberius, behaved in the context of the beliefs, traditions, and symbolisms of first-century Palestinian Judaism, he made such an impact on some men that they recognized him as the Christ.

The possibility of this recognition depended both on the behaviour and impact of Jesus and on the already-existing concept of the Messiah, fashioned by and in tradition and use. The truth of their perception of this significance in Jesus was validated for them by subsequent experiences, most notably those which we call the experience of the resurrection and of the empowering of which Pentecost is the symbol. And these experiences were themselves mediated by, and interpreted in, their religious tradition, though this was modified and developed by their previous experiences and understanding of Jesus. The total impact of all this led eventually to the assertion that Jesus Christ was God with us as a man. Any account of how our present Christian assertions have the meaning that they have, and therefore of how one may commend or test their truth, must surely take this complex of history and experience into full account.

Beyond Our Understanding

Lewis: Yes, certainly. The divinity of Jesus is indispensable to his work. This is how Christians have understood the matter traditionally, and I think they are right. But it cannot be taken neat, as it were. It cannot even be understood as an ordinary isolated assertion. We ourselves miss the point unless we see how it is bound to be a stumbling block. How can a man be also very God? To this there can be no direct answer. But we do understand enough of the process of God's disclosure to see that it comes to its culmination by God himself living the life of this man, though how this is possible must be beyond our grasp, as the essence of God Himself is beyond our understanding.

What I wish most to stress at the present is this, that in considering these distinctive claims of Christianity we do have recourse to evidence. This is not mere material fact, it is not just that kind of evidence, although it includes that. It is evidence to be apprehended in very special ways. We are all, rightly, afraid of wishful thinking or of distorting facts to suit preconceived notions. But we must not let ourselves be inhibited by these proper cautions. One of my main claims is that there are religious facts or occurrences, and that we need to learn afresh today how these may be recognized. If religion is presented in this way, as involving evidence which a reasonable person can assess, the sting will also be taken away, in part at least, from

the irreducible mystery which lies at the very core of religion.

The Believing Community

Jenkins: I think I wish to stress more than you do the whole role of the believing community, in the way in which the religious language works, and, indeed, in the way in which we can know it to be true. If you ask, when somebody says that he has had an experience of God and has discovered something about God, 'How do you know whether this is true or not?', there is, first of all, the question of whether it has been authenticated in the individual's experience, whether he has had this intuition and the conviction which comes from this intuition of which you talk. But surely not only will it be mediated to him—as we were discussing in connexion, for instance, with Isaiah—through the experience of his community, but it is only as it is taken into the life of the community and the continuing religious belief of the members of the community that you know in fact that the claim which he makes for this being true is in fact validated. The community is the continuum into which experiences come, and through which they are found to be true or not, as it is also the medium by which other people come also to believe.

The vital question is this matter of factness. As far as I am concerned, the whole heart of Christian belief is that God is, as a matter of fact, right in particular events, and therefore is relevant to us, who are likewise right in events. This is precisely where the intellectual impasse may well come to be. But it is the crux for faith, and therefore must be the main point that is taken into account when we are discussing philosophically the use of religious language, at any rate by Christians.

Lewis: I think that the real point of difference between us would come out when we tried to locate these more particular occurrences, or say where the particularity is to be found. But we do have this in common: that we think there must be certain particular events and occurrences, and that these are symbolized and sustained in the life of a community. I am with you in all that you say about the community and its importance. But it is not enough. There are many religions besides our own, and many non-religious faiths, if the term is proper. Among ourselves there are Catholics and Protestants, and many sorts of these. We must surely say something to this, and to total scepticism. There is evidence by which these various claims are to be assessed. It does not lie about for anyone to see at will. Insight must be cultivated. But there is evidence, not for God's existence—which we know otherwise—but for what He does; and the core of this consists in certain events which refer beyond to God, the unknown, the mysterious, but are identifiable as God's intervention in the world. The way in which we come to recognize this—that has been the subject of our discussion. The evidence is not manufactured by philosophers. Philosophers consider only what sort of evidence it must be; and, as theologians, you and I can help to display it. The preacher displays it by mixing his personality with it; and all of us who are Christians, since all are called upon to witness, display it by taking it up into the substance of our lives in committed, sanctified Christian living.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The World's Changing Climate

Sir,—I welcome the interest in this subject shown by the correspondence printed in THE LISTENER of May 5 and 12.

Comment on the points raised might come better from a historian than from me. Meteorological research on the climatic changes of recent times is aimed primarily at a better understanding of the behaviour of the general circulation of the atmosphere and the things which affect it. This may be expected to hold at least some clues to the future. As a by-product of this research, however, we are building up an assembly of the facts of climatic history which should be of interest to historians and others.

It may be worth while stressing that in so far as the vagaries of climate can properly be considered to play a part in human events, it is normally through the effects upon the environment. All aspects of this environment, and of the human situation, must be considered.

To take just one example, the turmoil of the eighteen-forties must surely be primarily attributed to explosive ideas working upon the tinder of intolerable labour conditions in many parts of Europe; those conditions had doubtless become all the more unbearable because of harsh winters in the eighteen-twenties and thirties: moreover, the run of bad winters did not come to any abrupt end—there were a few more in the eighteen-forties. The summers of the eighteen-forties were on the whole poor, and as is well known the sequence had disastrous consequences for agriculture in Ireland. The influence of these events upon the history of Britain and Ireland was more than merely negative.—Yours, etc.,

Harrow

H. H. LAMB

Abstract Art

Sir,—Having followed the talks in the Third Programme on the abstract art of today, may I relate three experiences from my childhood that may be felt by others to be relevant, as they most certainly seem to me to be?

At the age of four or five, I imagine, I drew people with round heads, dots for eyes, a line for a nose and a curve for a mouth, like other children, until my sister, nine years older than myself, suggested that a triangle made a better nose than a mere line. I was ready for this and can recall the joy with which the new form was adopted at once. I am convinced it was the richer factual truth that appealed to me.

About this time I drew my little dolls lying in their tiny dolls'-house beds. I drew them completely, then scribbled the coverlets over all but their heads, until my school-boy brother, six years older than myself, said it was silly to draw the whole doll and then scribble over it, suggesting, instead, just drawing the heads that showed, on their pillows. I was shocked! The idea seemed completely lacking in integrity! Factual truth was still my sole intention and desire, it seems.

A few years later this brother showed me from

a bridge how the railway lines beneath us appeared to go closer together as we followed them into the distance, and yet we were quite sure they were not closer really, else the trains would be wrecked. I could both see and understand this. It was to me a wonder of natural law, to be accepted and admired; constant, right and good! This was a new kind of truth and, brooding over it, there came a time when in my school days I surprised my art teacher by drawing the leg of a child running, foreshortened, as seen from behind. I had observed the effect on the games field, and accepted it—like the railway lines. It seemed to me neither a malformation of a limb nor a distortion, but a truth of appearance conforming to interesting, consistent laws, the knowing of which only increased one's admiration and delight in looking at things. (Was not this an impelling enthusiasm of the Italian School up to the High Renaissance?)

Without pursuing other intensely interesting subjects, such as the relation of abstract qualities to emotional significance, or the subjective perception of, or reaction to, reality (involving just other, profounder 'truths', perhaps), that arise with enriching amplifications and new interpretations in the broadcast talks—may I leave the foregoing records in the hands of Professor Gombrich and Mr. Anton Ehrenzweig, believing that they may be felt of some value in relation to certain aspects of the matters under recent discussion.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton

BEATRICE DILLISTONE

The Sexless Sentimentalist

Sir,—In Mr. David Daiches's angry appraisal of Barrie in THE LISTENER of May 12 he took up a good deal of space in telling us how a re-reading of Barrie's works affected him. He declared that the experience was 'unnerving', that he read with 'squirming embarrassment', and that sometimes he could not read 'without shuddering'. As a child, seeing *Peter Pan* made him 'acutely uncomfortable'. 'Shameless cunning', 'intolerable' and 'infuriating' are only a few of the terms Mr. Daiches employs to evaluate Barrie's works.

I am aware that few Scots are indifferent to Barrie. They are either ardent enthusiasts or violently against him. I have noticed even in this centenary week how feelings run high when he is discussed—some fervently defending, others attacking with a strange dour virulence. Why? Of course he was 'a Scotsman on the make'. What Scotsman who leaves Scotland is not? Of course he was an Anglophile, and since he had spent his boyhood in a small Scots town who shall blame him? But there must be a great deal more to account for the violent prejudice he arouses in his native land.

I too have re-read much of Barrie this week, and I would suggest it is a pity that Mr. Daiches, perhaps carried along too swiftly by his feelings, did not take the time to do his re-reading more carefully. For so strongly does he attack Barrie for what he calls his 'sexless

sentimentality' (among other faults) that he makes the appalling assertion, 'Barrie even goes so far as to have his teen-age brothers and sisters sleep together'. Mr. Daiches then proceeds to substantiate this extraordinary accusation by the following misquotation:

In *Auld Licht Idylls* Jamie, courting Janet, wants to draw back and have his sister instead. ('I'm thinking', Jamie said at last a little wistfully, 'that I micht hae been as well wi' Christy'. Christy was Jamie's sister. It is a revealing remark.)

The italics are mine. What Barrie did in fact write in 'Auld Licht Idylls' was as follows:

Buxom were Craigiebuckle's 'dochter's', and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. . . . 'I'm thinkin'', Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, 'that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty'. Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her.

Revealing remark, quotha!

Mr. Daiches has been at some pains to try to cut Barrie down to the size he thinks most fitting, but to accuse him by misquotation of romanticizing incest is not the best way to go about it.—Yours, etc.,

Scone

JOY CAMERON

Has Man an Aquatic Past?

Sir,—Sir Alister Hardy puts the evolutionary and physiological case for man's aquatic past with due scientific caution (THE LISTENER, May 12). He does not venture to say whether the comparative lack of hair in the Negro races argues a greater addiction to the water than in the white. Throwing caution to the winds, one wonders whether on the other hand the Hairy Aino of Japan, and perhaps the hirsute Yeti of the Himalaya, represent lines of evolution which have not passed through such an aquatic stage.

The psychological aspect also remains to be considered. The individual and group behaviour of modern man at the water's edge might well support Sir Alister's thesis. It could be mentioned in passing, though, that civilized man seems to have been a hydrophide, to the extent which we now take for granted, only in the past 200 years or so.

Were an aquatic period to be part of man's psychological endowment, one would expect a study of Jung's 'collective unconscious' to provide some evidence of this, and indeed it does. One has only to think of some recurrent forms of dream which are dealt with by Freud and others to see that experience in the water has left a permanent impression in the mind of man.

Yours, etc.,

Bishop's Stortford J. M. H. BOUMPHREY

Sir,—Sir Alister Hardy's interesting theory as to the possibility of there having existed an aquatic man finds curious echoes in the history of antiquity. Berosus, for instance (*Lib.* 1, page 48), speaks of a legend, that when men were sunk in barbarism a beast called O'mnes, from the Red Sea, or Persian Gulf—half . . . n, half-



Drawn by John Ward, A.R.A.

From School to Sandhurst

THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN . . . in the Cadet Force of his old school. It was, in fact, his House Master who first recommended an Army career. Now other boys are thinking of following his example. *How wonderful to be back—even for a brief visit. How right he was to take his House Master's advice.* Sandhurst accepts suitable boys from Public Schools and Grammar Schools throughout the country, from every background and every section of the community. There are 40 scholarships a year to assist boys of about 15 to 16 years of age to continue studying at school for the entrance examination.

There are no fees at Sandhurst. In fact, the cadet is financially independent from the start of his career. His pay as a commissioned officer is now higher than ever and his prospects in this respected and worthwhile profession merit the consideration of all young men of ability and ambition. If you would like to know more about the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, how to enter direct from school, or about the scholarships awarded—write to Major General G. Peddie, C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., The War Office, M.P.6(c), (LT), London S.W.1, and ask your Careers Master for his advice.

fish—civilized the Babylonians, teaching them arts and sciences, and instructing them in politics and religion. This intelligent being was afterwards deified as Dagon, the Philistine's god, and he, with his female counterpart, Derketo, were the original merman and mermaid of folklore. His worship survived long enough for him to be included in the Roman Pantheon where he was identified with Janus, the name being a corruption of Oannes. Incongruously enough, the mitre crown still worn by the Pope is said to represent the fish-head of Dagon.

There is an even more interesting fragment from Berossus, preserved by George Syncellus, on this subject, which, describing the Chaldean teachings, runs:

There was a time . . . when all was water and darkness. And these gave birth and habitation to monstrous animals of mixed forms and species. For there were men with two wings . . . dogs with four bodies ending in fishes, and men and other creatures with the heads and bodies of horses and with the tails of fishes . . . the pictures and representations of which were hung up in the temple of Belus.

Bishop Warburton, in his *Divine Legation*, quotes Pletho in his scholia on the magic oracles of Zoroaster as saying:

It is the custom in the celebration of the Mysteries to present before many of the initiated, phantasms of a canine figure, and other monstrous shapes and appearances.

Warburton believed that this was the origin of

the curious half-animal, half-human figures found in the temples of Ancient Egypt.

It seems almost as though there may have persisted in the consciousness of the human race the memory of a time when the evolutionary force was experimenting with forms. It certainly seems possible that subconscious remembrance of physical man's aquatic origins existed among the ancients, and undoubtedly their instinctive feeling of kinship with the lower forms of life gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis universally accepted by the world of antiquity, which seems to have been a primitive attempt to arrive at the modern scientific theory of evolution.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Publicity and Public Affairs

(concluded from page 868)

the American people had an unfavourable view of McCarthy's activities, but 50 per cent. went on record as having a generally 'favourable opinion' of the Senator. How was it possible that this formidable bloc of popular opinion was never reached, never swayed?

The New York Times once looked back upon its own coverage of a McCarthy investigation and acknowledged that it had done its readers something of a disservice, though perhaps an unavoidable one. It had printed so many headlines and stories and interviews, and it admitted that little or no truth turned out to be in any of these. But it tried to explain that it had seen no alternative: 'It is difficult, if not impossible, to ignore charges by Senator McCarthy just because they are usually proved false. The remedy lies with the reader'. Mr. Rovere is right in remarking that to many people this was rather like saying that if a restaurant serves poisoned food, it is up to the diner to refuse it. Yet Rovere believes that *The New York Times* was 'essentially right'—for I suspect there is no surer way to a corrupt and worthless press than to authorize reporters to tell the readers which "facts" are really "facts" and which are not. Certainly in those countries where this is the practice, the press serves the public less well than our does'.

If this is a reference to the *Pravdas* of the Eastern world, then there is no argument; but if it is to the dozen or so serious and thoughtful European newspapers which can be compared to *The New York Times*, then Mr. Rovere is grievously mistaken. The public is served better. In the short run, it may be that the temperaments and prejudices of the various correspondents colour (and discolour) some of the factual reporting on the parliamentary or labour front or from some foreign capital; but, in the long run, the maintenance of independent critical faculties at the very source of news-reporting is a decisive factor in supporting truth-telling and civility in public life.

For many Washington correspondents the McCarthy era was 'a deeply unsettling experience'. For in Joe McCarthy the American press came up against an unprecedented master in the art of publicity and ballyhoo. 'He knew the newspapermen and how and when they worked and what they needed . . . and what

made a "lead" what made an "over-night", what made a "side-bar". He knew how to "top" or blanket a story unfavourable to him . . .'. He was extremely skilful at press conferences, and sometimes he even ingeniously called one to announce another.

It is hopelessly naive to suppose that the McCarthy story could have been buried or even played down. It was news, and it had to be published. But, as Mr. Rovere points out it was also, of course, news that a United States Senator was lying, and defrauding the people and their government. If he was to be reported a liar, someone quotable had to pronounce him a liar. This would seem to be a fairly grave structural defect in the set-up of a free press, and one can only wonder why the acute critic who can perceive this is reluctant to recognize the possibility of some modest relevant reforms. A sound philosophy of news must insist, at the least, on the equality of all facts, or no fact being 'more equal' than others. But this presupposes that the reporter will not always be asking 'what's new?' but also 'what's true?' or, perhaps, 'what's new and true?'

The failure of the press *vis-à-vis* McCarthy had to do with what Mr. Douglas Cater has called its inherent vulnerabilities—the frozen pattern of straight news'. What the reporter in our time seems to need is an Emancipation Proclamation which would guarantee him the right of interpretative comment in the due process of fact-gathering. What the editor needs is a Magna Carta of his own which would allow him—nay, oblige him—to place the interests of the obvious truth no lower than loyalty to the gathered facts.

Some of the peculiarly American difficulties arise from the curious States-side terminology. No member of the press there ever wants to be known as anything but a humble labourer in the vineyard. Commentators like Walter Lippmann, who indulge in regular flights of scholarly theory and analysis, refer to themselves simply as 'newspapermen'. Columnists such as the Alsop brothers like to present themselves as mere 'reporters', and their recent book is characteristically entitled *The Reporter's Trade*. It is almost as if Americans were strangely afraid to face up openly to the dimensions of mind and intellectuality involved in the art of journalism.

Indeed a journalist is defined in America as 'an unemployed reporter'. The free-lancing journalist, cut off from the responsibilities of portfolio, is considered free only to become some kind of loose pamphleteer. I have often discussed this matter with American editors and they seemed to me almost neurotically reluctant to admit as legitimate reportage those elements of judicious analysis and considered personal opinion which they privately, in their travels and interviewing, relentlessly pursue.

I should like to quote one final piece of American testimony, for it indicates, I believe, a real break-through in the critical self-awareness of the press, and here as elsewhere the Americans seem to be the pioneers in both the disease and the diagnosis. Eric Sevareid has written:

Our rigid formulae of so-called objectivity, beginning with the wire-agency bulletins and reports, our flat, one dimensional handling of news, have given the lie the same prominence and impact that truth is given.

If there are any larger lessons to be learned from this case-study in the relationship between the press and the phenomenon of McCarthyism, it is that the increasingly powerful Fourth Estate must continue this agonizing reappraisal of its record in the recent past. The proverbial 'power of the press' is obviously a force in the contemporary world for both great good and grievous harm. Why should the 'media of mass communication', alone of all the formidable institutions which shape and control modern society, go on in their exercise of public authority without the legitimacy of properly-stated claims? In its new self-awareness and in its re-examination of fundamentals, the press may come to know something of its own real philosophy, sociology, and ethics. It has been deeply involved in many of the terrible and unnecessary tragedies of our time: in recent America, in the pre-Hitler Germany of the Weimar Republic, in the corrupt and disoriented France of the nineteen-thirties, in the confused and ill-informed Britain of the Munich period. Is it truly the function of the press to be the mere mindless mirror of the times? Like Cocteau's mirror it might well learn to reflect a little more before passing on its images.—*Third Programme*

NEWS FROM THE ZOOS



Arctic foxes at Copenhagen Zoo, Denmark. This zoo, the subject of the first programme on May 22, specializes in animals from northern regions

Photographs taken at three of the zoos to be visited during a new series of the B.B.C. television programme 'News from the Zoos', which starts on May 22

Right: the new toucan aviary at Bristol Zoo, which will be seen in the programme on June 19



Elephants at Hagenbeck Zoo, Hamburg, Germany, to be visited on June 12. Hagenbeck was the first of the open-type zoos on which many have since been modelled. Edinburgh and Dudley Zoos will be televised on June 26 and July 3

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Haldane of Cloan, His Life and Times, 1856-1928. By Dudley Sommer. Allen and Unwin. 42s.

Reviewed by A. P. RYAN

HERE IS A BIOGRAPHY to be kept out of the hands of angry young men; it would make them too green with envy of how a comparative outsider could get to the top in those halcyon days of good going, the late Victorian and Edwardian eras. Richard Burdon Haldane, saved from Oxford by parental fears of the religious consequences of attending that ungodly college, Balliol, descended on London from his native Scotland with little better to offer the Establishment than a passion for Hegel acquired at Göttingen. Yet, soon, he is writing to his mother: 'Last night I dined with the Dalhousies and sat next to the Prime Minister (Gladstone)'.

At another dinner table he sat next to a distinguished looking old gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles who mourned audibly at the absence of his accustomed champagne. The young Haldane sympathized, with such connoisseurship, that the old gentleman invited him to his house. There, in the company of distinguished lawyers, champagne was followed by vintage claret and, then, by an even more vintage bottle of the same wine. Gout caused all the guests, except Haldane, to flinch; he drank and praised each glass and, next morning, a clerk from his host's famous firm of solicitors arrived at his garret with the first of many briefs.

Before he left the Bar for full-time politics, he was earning at the rate of £20,000 a year. A bachelor (the girl he was going to marry found she could not take him and cried off), he combined an amazingly full social life with prodigious feats of hard work. The most rewarding of these were performed at the War Office. Successive ministers had made themselves laughing stocks in that post and Haldane was confidently expected to follow their example. At his first interview with the generals on the Army Council, he was asked to give his general ideas of the reforms which he would favour. He answered that he was a young and blushing virgin just united to a bronzed warrior and that it was not expected by the public that any result of the union should appear until at least nine months had passed. Needless to say this story (which Haldane tells himself in his 'Autobiography') got round to Edward VII, who was delighted.

It deserves to be repeated as significant evidence of how this portentously highbrow Scottish philosopher naturally commanded a common touch. He had a hundred times the brain of the common man without ceasing to be human. He did more for the army than anyone since Cardwell. His reward was to be hounded out of public life early in the first world war as a pro-German. Northcliffe, with the Conservative leaders at his heels and the Liberals not daring to stand up for their old friend and colleague, led the cur pack that yapped at him. Rumours were spread that he was the illegitimate brother of the Kaiser, that he had a

German wife, and that he had been in secret correspondence with the German Government. Sack loads of abusive letters were sent on to him from the House of Lords: 'I entrusted the opening and disposal of the contents to the kitchen-maid'. Haldane was that rare bird among philosophers, one who could be serene, dignified, and philosophical even under the provocation of the grossest injustice to himself.

Mr. Dudley Sommer covers the career of this remarkable man on a greater scale than has been done before. He has drawn on all the voluminous papers (Haldane wrote hundreds of letters to his mother) and on the previous two-volume biography written, just before the last war, by that independent-minded general, Sir Frederick Maurice. Further, he has allowed himself generous space in which to chronicle the history of the years through which Haldane lived. He has made an outstanding contribution to the history of the period and to our knowledge of a statesman whose staying power was such that he joined the first Labour Ministry as Lord Chancellor—an office which he had already held under Asquith. His four loves were the law, philosophy, the army, and education, and Mr. Sommer shows that in his zest for high thinking and high living Haldane was a remarkable personality in his own right.

The Ancient Gods. By E. O. James. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

This book is the first volume to be published in a series on the history of religion, planned to cover the subject from prehistoric man to the Anglican communion. The author, Professor E. O. James, is also general editor of the series, and let it be said at once that the ease and familiarity with which he handles his vast mass of material could have come only from a lifetime's devotion to the study of religious history. I doubt if there is anyone else equipped with the learning to deal as adequately as he does with the religions of all the ancient Near Eastern peoples and of Egypt, Greece and Rome, not only as separate phenomena but in their manifold and bewildering interactions.

This said, it must be admitted that the feeling of ease may not be shared by the reader. I had always thought it an elementary duty to read the whole of a book before reviewing it, but after following this one doggedly to the last page I feel that a fairer impression could have been got and given by sampling here and there. That kind of use was surely intended by the author, for it is essentially encyclopaedic in character, a storehouse of facts invaluable for reference but so reduced to dry bones that it would take the vision of an Ezekiel to put flesh on them. The plan of the work has demanded a feat of compression greater than the subject can comfortably stand. Mithraism, for example, is dismissed in a page and a half, in which neither the appeal of Christianity's greatest rival nor the reason for its final defeat can be adequately, or indeed comprehensibly, treated. At the same time, within the necessary limits, the final chapter in which it appears, and which

summarizes the history of the diffusion and syncretism of Near Eastern deities right up to the victory of Christianity, is a masterpiece of clear and condensed thinking on a subject which for intrinsic confusion it would be hard to beat. The faults of the book are inherent in the planning of the series. The Orthodox, Roman, and Anglican churches are promised a volume apiece. Would it not have been more in scale to have spared one each for the religions of the Egyptians, the Hebrews and the Greeks?

Christianity is frankly introduced as a climax and consummation, which is fair enough. We may or may not believe with Professor Dodd (quoted in the final paragraph) that it represents 'the entry into history of a reality beyond history', but at least it must be said that it absorbed much of the best of the religions which preceded and surrounded it, and that, from whatever source, it has had the strength to live on when all the rest except Judaism are a matter of distant history.

Misprints, though not infrequent, are fairly harmless, but there is one curious trap for the uninformed reader in the caption to figure 76, which reads: 'Temple of Athene at Efestos'. The picture appears to show the temple of Hephaestus (Efestos in transliteration from modern Greek) at Athens, and is not therefore very suitable to the point it is supposed to illustrate, that the temple of Athene at Athens was built on the ruins of the Mycenaean palace (even though the Acropolis with the Parthenon does peep shyly round in the far background).

W. K. C. GUTHRIE

Pretexts. By André Gide.

Secker and Warburg. 35s.

The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse. Peter Owen. 25s.

It begins to look as if the ultimate fate of Gide in the literary hierarchy may be similar to that of Erasmus in the spiritual: to be suspended for ever between heaven and hell. He may never be quite so submerged as a Barrès or a France. But he was incapable of the self-immolation of a Proust or the ruthlessness of a Valéry, and so fails to withstand comparison with the greatest of his contemporaries, which is the only comparison he would have accepted for himself.

Pretexts (the title is Gide's, the arrangement and selection Mr. Justin O'Brien's) represent the moralist, publicist, and critic from his early years until his sixties. Some of the contents, the Imaginary Interviews and contributions to literary symposia, might well have been dropped at this date. For the rest, they are an index of the variety of problems that teased Gide's imagination—and of the inequality of his responses. On Baudelaire, Gautier, Valéry, Mallarmé, he has little of value to say. His strictures on the 'aridity' of Gautier's poetry make his paeans in praise of French classicism look a little odd. In fact, for a man always in search of the unexpected, Gide was strangely categorical in his canons of taste, which may explain better than anything his famous rejection of the 'Swann' manuscript when it was offered to the *Nouvelle*

Revue Française in 1913; Proust was a society figure, a contributor to *Le Figaro*, and so not one of us'.

Gide's use of the plural 'we' is significant not of royal inclinations but of a continual eagerness for solidarity, particularly with the young. It is in tune with his attitude to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which he founded, and continued to inspire from a distance, even when he had 'withdrawn' from it. He was always fretful that this withdrawal was not taken very seriously. But then, no one but Gide could properly appreciate his own desire to drop on both sides of the fence at once.

Throughout his work, the itch to proselytize is there. 'I aim to give those who read me strength, joy, courage, defiance, perspicacity—but I take care above all not to give them directions'. A laudable pronouncement, but no real artist could make it. And as early as 1904, Gide had seen its results. He describes them here in his 'Conversation with a German'—the German being a 'drunken helot' who, after liberal draughts of the 'Nourritures', had embarked on a life of 'intense action' which landed him in prison. Gide could only remark: 'I was beaten by my disciple, and could only disavow my ethic, if that was where it was to lead'.

He never disavowed his ethic. He was to be beaten by the unexpected disciples that crossed his path into his last years. And he had the courage never to suppress the most damning evidence against himself. For another view of Gide as a writer, it may be equally significant that the most vital contents of this volume are not the dialogues with books but with living people—with the 'German', with a Chinese diplomat, and above all with Wilde. No one wrote better on Wilde the man, and this essay has all the eloquence of an Athenian confronted by an image of himself in an authentic figure out of tragic drama. No wonder Gide wrote imaginary interviews, when real encounters ran short. He had a genius for portrayal from life, which has only a pale reflex in the novels.

The 'Correspondence with Gosse' translated by Linette F. Brugmans is a monument to one of Gide's most unexpected friendships. Yet the two had much in common, beyond Huguenot ancestry and a rigid, repressive but 'high-minded' family background. Gide in his own way lived just as intensely *through* books as Gosse ever did. And he became the presiding literary influence, the arbiter of excellence that Gosse aimed to be. On the other side, Gide's most central and enduring work, *Si le Grain ne Meurt*, owed its germination to a reading of Gosse's *Father and Son*.

Most of these letters (Gide's being given in the original and in translation) are of the kind that needs—and gets—twice its length in footnotes. In fact the editing is of a scruple and fidelity that deserved a more substantial cause—a contrast with the rather slapdash treatment of *Pretexts*. These, by the way, are translated by various hands, with hard-working results that never emulate Gide's lucid and sinuous prose.

DAVID PAUL

The Revolt in Tibet

By Frank Moraes. Macmillan. 27s. 6d.

In some respects Chinese action in Tibet is blacker on the record than the suppression of the Hungarian revolt by the Russians (which Peking so frankly applauded). It has probably

been bloodier, though evidence on this point is harder to come by. It has certainly been more cynical, in the sense that the primitive Communist purpose has not been discernibly invaded by the doubts and even disputes that one presumes had to be overcome in the Kremlin in 1956. In the matter of Tibet the doubts have lain elsewhere, to the Chinese advantage. Some of them have been supplied by the word 'suzerainty', others by an instinctive (if largely irrelevant) suspicion of the feudalistic and theocratic elements in the traditional pattern of Tibetan society. No Englishman can (or should) discuss the matter without examining the unhappy facts of British failure to support Tibet's case in the United Nations. An Indian, for different reasons, must carry the same brand, and Mr. Moraes acknowledges it by his fairly detailed criticism of the Indian Government's policy towards China and Tibet over a decade. He sees this as an unconscious betrayal, 'worse than a crime, a blunder'; and he holds, perhaps with some hindsight, that acquiescence in the original Chinese take-over of 1950 could have been avoided.

This is arguable. Mr. Moraes has previously published a sympathetic and penetrating political biography of Mr. Nehru, and his views deserve respect. He has also visited China twice (under the Kuomintang and under Communism), and he concludes his present book with a private interview with the Dalai Lama (whose presence in India he feels to be the best insurance against Chinese Communist efforts to subvert the neighbouring hill-peoples). He has used all available sources of information, though not consistently distinguishing between confirmed and unconfirmed reports. He leaves the dangerous question of the future somewhat in the air; but his lucid presentation of the Tibetan background and his account of the revolt and its causes are not likely to be bettered, at least in so readable a form.

FRANCIS WATSON

Giants Cast Long Shadows. By Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. 21s.

The many books of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart are almost all autobiographical. Whatever the subject—Scotch whisky, salmon-fishing, the personality of Jan Masaryk or Trotsky or Captain Johns (creator of *Biggles*)—there is always the modest, but sure, crisp, intimate personal touch. It is like listening to good talk, and no doubt it accounts for the popularity of these readable miscellanies that Sir Robert produces so regularly. The latest one seems to me one of the most attractive, as it is the most varied. Information is conveyed in such an easy style, garnished with several good stories, and with gossip. This is not meant in an unfavourable sense; all I mean is that no one need expect from this writer, say, a long documented account of the Bolshevik Revolution such as Mr. George Kennan has given in his two well-known volumes. But Sir Robert, who had a much more intimate knowledge of the scene, by his light and almost chatty commentary gives, from close personal experience, the essence of the matter.

There is a solid bone-structure of fact in most of Sir Robert's historical reminiscences; when he comes to fishing and life in the Highlands, then it is nostalgic description appealing to special sympathies. But where, for example, could you get such a vivid sketch of the differ-

ence between Tsarist and Soviet Russia in terms of football? The very title of another chapter, 'Lenin as Sportsman', must arouse curiosity; it is well worth satisfying. The writer's gift for bringing out unfamiliar fact is shown by the account of Lenin's escape from accidental death in Paris in 1910 when he was riding a bicycle. How is that for 'historical determinism'!

Some of Sir Robert's most lively pages are on contemporaries who are, or were, intimate friends—Sir Harold Nicolson, Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, Mr. Richard Crossman, Lord Vansittart. On the last there is a moving chapter entitled 'Unhonoured Prophet'. All who knew or worked under 'Van' will echo the praise given to his intelligence, loyalty, charm, enthusiasm, devotion to duty, and generosity. They will also recognize 'Van's' habit of recondite literary allusiveness which once, I remember, annoyed Lord Curzon who could not spot his quotation from Oscar Wilde. But gently, though unmistakably, there is also conveyed in this chapter a sense of the inadequacy of 'Van's' treatment of the German problem. At the end Sir Robert calls, very justly, for a full-length biography of this most outstanding of Permanent Under-Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. Why should this not be the subject of Sir Robert's next book?

ALEC RANDALL

The Waterfowl of the World By J. Delacour. Volume III. Country Life. £6 6s.

The third volume of this comprehensive work deals with the eiders, pochards, perching ducks, scoters and mergansers, and the stiff-tailed ducks. The familiar species have been dealt with briefly because detailed information about them is available elsewhere, but the less well-known ones have been treated at greater length, and important new information on them has been given as completely as possible. The waterfowl described in this volume include some of the most interesting kinds, the beautiful eiders and pygmy geese, delicate sawbills, fantastic and gaudy Carolina and Mandarin ducks, and the cuckoo of the waterfowl, the little black-headed duck of South America, which lays its enormous eggs in the nests of other water birds. Indeed, all the stiff-tails lay eggs that are huge in comparison with the size of the bird: 'a clutch of fourteen eggs of the ruddy duck, which are probably laid within a period of fifteen days, weighs approximately three pounds, or about three times as much as the little mother herself!'

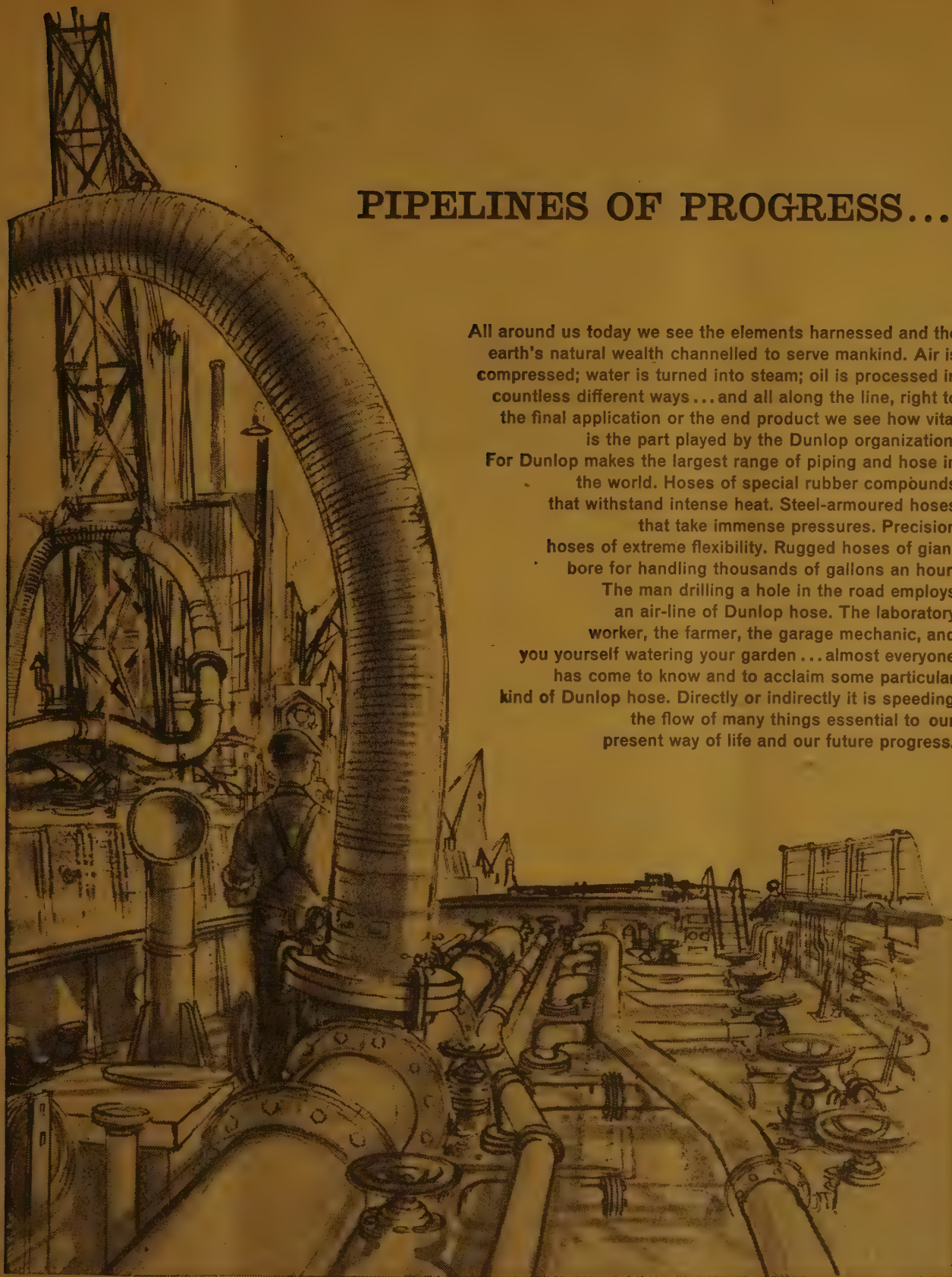
Each species and subspecies is succinctly described, its distribution is outlined with the plentiful use of maps in the text, full accounts are given of habits and behaviour wherever they are known, and notes on the management of the birds in captivity are added. A short article introduces each tribe and genus, and a key to the genera or species is given where necessary. The colour-plate illustrations by Mr. Peter Scott add greatly to the value and interest of the book; they show at least the male and female of every species and subspecies, and in addition the immature birds, drakes in eclipse plumage, or minor geographical variations, of many of them. There are two particularly interesting plates showing the downy ducklings of those species in which they are known.

This volume completes the systematic descrip-

PIPELINES OF PROGRESS...

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"LONG-TERM PROSPECT IS ONE OF CONTINUED PROGRESS"

MR. S. P. CHAMBERS ON REPORT OF MONOPOLIES COMMISSION

The 33rd annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on May 12 in London.

Mr. S. P. Chambers, C.B., C.I.E., chairman of the company, presided, and in the course of his speech said:

When the results for 1959 are compared with those of 1958, the improvement in profits is striking, but if we take a longer view and compare the growth of the Company over the past ten years, it will be seen that the profit for 1959 bears no more than a reasonable relationship to the funds invested in the Company.

EXPORT TRADE

Our export trade has expanded at a greater rate than our home trade, and it is interesting to note that, while the average increase in exports of I.C.I. products from the United Kingdom was 19 per cent. over 1958, the increase in respect of exports to the six Common Market countries was 25 per cent. and that of the exports to the Outer Seven (the European Free Trade Area) no less than 41 per cent. Exports to Soviet Russia and the countries of Eastern Europe, though still representing a small proportion of our overseas trade, have nearly doubled between the two years.

MONOPOLIES COMMISSION

Since the end of the year, the Report of the Monopolies Commission on the Supply of Chemical Fertilisers has been published. The work in preparing the evidence for the Monopolies Commission has imposed a strain lasting several years on senior members of the staff, and the amount of time and energy spent upon this work must be recognised as one of the costs—indeed, the heaviest cost—of such an inquiry. It is therefore gratifying that the Monopolies Commission recognised in a clear and unambiguous way the sense of responsibility to our customers and to the general public which the Company has always shown.

It may be that other products which the Company manufactures will be inquired into by the Monopolies Commission. The Board would face any such inquiry with complete confidence, but they are perturbed by the burden of work to which I have referred and by the pressure which is brought to bear upon the Company to agree to the publication of information which might be of value to our competitors, either on the Continent of Europe or in the United States of America. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the publication of cost figures can give valuable information to our overseas competitors who have not the obligation to disclose to us the corresponding figures of their operations.

5½% CONVERTIBLE STOCK—A REMINDER

I now turn to the prospects for 1960 and the future. First, let me give a reminder about the conversion of the 5½ per cent. Convertible Stock. The latest date to exercise the option to convert this stock into ordinary shares will be during the month of July 1960. With the progress of the Company, there can be little doubt that it is in the interest of the owners of this stock to apply to have it converted into ordinary shares. If they fail to do this in July next, no further opportunity can be given; the stock will, as from 1st August, become unconvertible and will bear 5½ per cent. interest until redemption during the period 1977/1979. A separate reminder is being given to every holder of convertible stock that this is the last year for conversion.

GREAT ACTIVITY DESPITE GROWING COMPETITION

It is, of course, far too early to forecast the trading results for 1960. I can, however, say that up to the present there has been great activity in practically all the Company's products in spite of growing competition from United States and Continental as well as United Kingdom manufacturers. There are always difficulties to be faced in export markets, and we may have special problems in the Common Market or in other countries where balance of payments problems or political difficulties hinder normal trading. These problems are receiving attention. However, our exports go to a wide variety of countries, and our export prospects as a whole remain good. At home, the revival of business in the capital goods industries may, to some extent, be offset by hesitancy in some branches of industries producing what are described as durable consumer goods, but so far this hesitancy does not appear to be serious. Any significant increase in credit restrictions could no doubt change the position, so that, whilst in general the outlook is good, the need for vigilance remains. The long-term prospect is one of continued progress.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the proposed final dividend of 1s. 6d., less tax, making 2s. 3d., less tax, for the year, on the Ordinary stock was approved.

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FROM TIME TO TIME somebody explodes on paper against newspaper critics and criticism; almost always an offended writer, painter, film director or other vulnerable creator. This battle is historic, perpetual and bloody—sometimes literally so—like the Wars of the Roses and the War of the Sexes.

Perfectly natural and absolutely excellent. It releases adrenalin and teaches the critics a lesson . . . Whenever the running fight breaks out anew my first instinct, I must say, is to side with the artist against the professional marksman—though with melancholy, for it is like watching a duel between an eager young lover and a cruel Sir Jasper.



But first sympathies tend to wilt a bit when the first furious shots have been fired. Sir Jasper, as often as not, is seen to be aiming at his opponent's legs. And the offended painter, novelist or singer, skipping frantically to and fro, makes perhaps such extravagant claims for his sanctity as an artist that we suddenly realise that the critic can be an artist, too—with duties to his public which are not simply those of a reverent thumb index.

Who, seriously, denies that? Do all the readers of The Observer, for instance (would you?) regard its critical pages as a Baedeker to the books they intend to read, the plays they ought to see? If so, then half the thinking world is a better man than me, I read reviews to know what's going on, to show some spark of consciousness among daunting strangers and at home . . . and for the sheer happy hell of it.

Take Maurice Richardson, watching and commenting on the T.V. screen. Is he unfair? Sometimes, inevitably. But do not the involutions of his mind and the flicker of his wit give far more to the enjoyment of television than ever they take away? A. Alvarez, pot-shooting at poetry behind his blank, bland initial—you or I may not agree with his view of Yeats, but we must read him. C. A. Lejeune with her real and human understanding. Philip Toynbee with his deep, bass prose; the perceptive John Davenport on novels . . . Peter Heyworth on music—"every observation sensitive and telling" says that celebrated critic-whacker Walter Legge of The Philharmonia.

No room or time for more. But next Sunday, all the room and time in the world—if you're taking The Observer. J.B.L.

tion of all the waterfowl of the world, and with its two predecessors forms one of the finest illustrated monographs on any group of birds to be produced for many years; it will be the standard work on the subject for a long time to come when it is joined by the promised fourth and last volume on general matters relating to the swans, ducks, and geese.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Georges Braque. By John Russell.

Phaidon Press. 18s. 6d.

Mr. Russell not only writes elegant English, he has the English inclination to extend that elegance to both the selection and the treatment of his subject-matter. He finds Braque a sympathetic subject. His arguments recognize a code of conduct which could well apply to Braque's own statements and actions. Mr. Russell leaves it to others to argue about Braque's position as a great master. He tactfully ignores the idea that anyone should need converting to Cubism, or at any rate to the significance of Cubism, by gently explaining the historical facts. Vulgar persuasion would be an intrusion in writing which seeks to match as well as to establish that particular harmoniousness of body and spirit, and that temperamental reticence which he sees as characteristic of the artist. Even where he writes, as he does so fairly, about the heart of the Cubist 'affair' between Braque and Picasso, he makes his value-judgments quietly and indirectly, so that the heroic tensions of that famous situation are almost stripped of their emotional conflict. The blood and sweat are moved off-stage as in a Greek drama, and the classical nature of the Cubist achievement is allowed to stand refreshingly clear. This is a good thing in one way, for it does produce a deep enough perspective to encourage contemplation of the works themselves.

But to many people such contemplation of analytic and hermetic Cubist pictures still presents primary difficulties of seeing, even of distinguishing one from another. A little emotional prompting might be a great help, perhaps the only way to arouse an initial interest and that essential enthusiasm which leads eventually to loving. For there is no purely intellectual reason to like these works if one does not find them beautiful. All works of a classicizing nature, such as these, have, since the Romantic revolution, been directed towards the senses first. One must feel a sensation before one can start analysing Cubist work.

While one can take Mr. Russell's point that Braque is to be best understood through a study of what is consistent in his character rather than what is unusual or controversial in his work, it would have been helpful, I feel, if, somewhere near the beginning, he had made some simple but positive distinction such as Mr. Cooper made in his catalogue to the 1956 Braque Exhibition. '... Picasso's Cubist works tend to be more sculptural, more emphatically linear and more direct in their appeal; Braque's are perhaps more painterly, more lyrical, more exquisite and more serene'. In effect this last part of the sentence is just what Mr. Russell's book says at graceful length. We know it when we close the book, but one really must have some experience of the premises from which the later, more luxurious works sprang. It is the very self-containment, the apparent self-sufficiency of Braque

which makes so significant and so fascinating the fact that those early and explosive years, 1909-1914, were also shared with another artist. The late *Studio* series are indeed the harvest of a lifetime where everything is gathered in—but not quite everything. Braque is painting pictures which no critic could have predicted would be created, the borders of his art are still fluid and he is still exploring them. Mr. Russell introduces us to a man he has known, admired and understood for a long time, but like a perfect host he leaves us to make our own conversation with the artist.

KEITH SUTTON

A Short History of Italian Literature

By J. H. Whitfield. Penguin. 3s. 6d.

There has been so far no satisfactory survey of Italian literature written in English: recent American attempts have not filled the gap, whereas Richard Garnett's outdated *History of Italian Literature* (1898) may still afford some mild interest to the historian of fashions and oddities (modern Italian verse was represented there by the 'excellent poetry produced by Giovanni Marradi, Giuseppe (sic) Pascoli and Alfredo Baccelli', and, further on, Antonio Fogazzaro was paired with the dilettante Carlo Placci whom Garnett considered a budding novelist on the strength of a now completely forgotten short story). Professor Whitfield's *Short History* is therefore the first authoritative survey of a literature which, apart from a very few exceptions, is known for supplying counters to the conversation of cultivated people, rather than actual enjoyment to readers. Though the names of Petrarca, Boccaccio, Aristo, Tasso, are familiar enough by hearsay, who reads them now in England? The only Italian authors known to the general public are possibly the novelists of our time, Pavese, Silone, Levi, Moravia, Elsa Morante, Vittorini, Calvino, because publishers everywhere go in for the last cry of fashion; but present-day Italian literature has little in common with the time-hallowed record of worthies whom Professor Whitfield musters in his lively and occasionally witty pages.

If there is a defect in this otherwise admirable survey, it is the author's failure to stress the cleavage which took place in Italian literature somewhere in the course of the nineteenth century. With Canova and Foscolo that aureate aristocratic character which had been for centuries a quality of Italian art came to an end (a later reappearance of this tradition, with Carducci and D'Annunzio, at the end of the century, was short-lived): Italian art, when it made its voice heard again, was always, in one way or another, linked with the people either by inspiration or character. Carlo Porta and Gioacchino Belli adopted the dialect, the former of Milan, the latter of Rome (and therefore are unfortunately left out by Professor Whitfield), for their picture of the lower classes of their respective towns; Verdi in music, Mancini in painting, are popular artists to the point of occasional vulgarity, Manzoni and Verga made humble people the subjects of their novels.

This aspect of Italian literature, starting in the nineteenth century, provincial and regional at first (in opposition to the previous international aspect) merged in our century with the influence of foreign, particularly American narrative (at one time the example of Hemingway was paramount) and has given to Italian writing

of today its peculiar flavour. This has little in common with the great tradition of which Professor Whitfield speaks. He ends his survey just at the point at which the curiosity of modern readers begins. His last names are Papini and Pirandello. Not that he is averse to modern quotations: apropos of a passage in Giraldu's Renaissance tragedy *Orbecche* he finds 'a hint of Pirandello or T. S. Eliot', but such bold whims of association are fortunately rare. What we get is a condensed, well-informed, well-balanced assessment of values, with which it would be hard for Italian scholars to disagree. One may regret that D'Annunzio's late prose (from the *Notturmo* onwards) has not been taken into account to soften a just, but somewhat severe, judgment on his work; one may take issue with Professor Whitfield's estimate of available histories of Italian literature in the 'short' bibliography (N. Sapegno's, the best, is classed among the less important ones), but on the whole one cannot deny that he has rendered a fine service to the English reader in giving at last 'a clear narrative survey', as the sub-title declares, of one of the noblest and most influential literatures of the West.

MARIO PRAZ

The Allegory of 'The Faerie Queene'.

By M. Pauline Parker. Oxford. 35s.

To Miss Parker *The Faerie Queene* is above all a Christian poem. Without Christianity, she alleges, it is 'Hamlet without the prince of Denmark.' Accordingly she is concerned mainly with the moral allegory—the means by which Spenser sought to inculcate virtue, and so assist the education of Christian gentlemen. This is a bold undertaking, for to most readers the didactic element has proved the least interesting part of Spenser's intention. They have persistently neglected the Arnold of Rugby side of Spenser's nature in favour of the poet of pageant, romance and mellifluous description.

Such readers are, according to Miss Parker, guilty of a subjective view of the poem—of finding in it what they want to find, not what Spenser meant them to find. So she sturdily and painstakingly assumes the role of 'the one Saul among the prophets' (her own phrase), who attempts to see Spenser as he really was. This is a laudable aim, though calculated to interest specialists rather than 'those who are reading the poem for the first time' (blurb). She makes it appear a somewhat forbidding poem, though her account of its roots in Italian heroic poetry, Arthurian romance, classical and Irish mythology, Chaucer and other English predecessors is fascinating. What Miss Parker is least happy in explaining is why Spenser left it unfinished. She gives us a clue, however, when she reminds us that *The Faerie Queene* is essentially an anachronism—a medieval allegorical morality conceived in the full tide of the Renaissance. For all the backward-looking which characterizes most of Spenser's important work, from *The Shepherds Calendar* onwards, he was a man of the Renaissance. Its spirit is fully and triumphantly expressed in his best poem, the *Epithalamion*. It seems probable that *The Faerie Queene* was left unfinished because Spenser came to realize that such a conception could not succeed; but it is a noble failure, and there is much in Miss Parker's study to show why this should be so.

JAMES REEVES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Orthodox Heretics

IT IS ARGUABLE that one criterion of the true arts is that they are not susceptible of compression; you can make a précis of a political speech or a travel article and the result is still meaningful—try the same thing with a novel or

We should have heard (as we did not hear) of the all-important issue of fashion; of how new orthodoxy tumbles upon the heel of new orthodoxy, each proudly proclaiming itself a heresy; of how easily a state may be reached in which to experiment is really to be traditional, and to be traditional is to experiment. One has known many painters, certainly as able as any of these and some years their elders, who have still to wait for any public recognition simply because their originality is their own and not the prescribed false-originality dictated by a venal market. And then the artists themselves. As I have said, they showed little facility with the medium of language; and that is not typical of good artists, who very often speak more brilliantly and succinctly than writers, odd as it may appear. Also, each was puzzled, searching, groping; and again I question if that is typical of the good artist, however young or old, who is apt to have his views and firmly state them. It was, after all, one of the greatest of painters who, asked by his admirers for what he was seeking, replied '*Je ne cherche pas, je trouve*'. Such contemptuous assurance, however, would have sorted ill with the image of the puzzled, sensitive, lost, emi-



'Private View', shown in 'Monitor': a young painter submitting his work to a London art gallery

a poem and see where you get! If this is true then programmes of or about the arts must present peculiar difficulties to television, which is by way of being a Procrustes; and 'Monitor' will be seen to be the series that battles against the sternest odds.

Perhaps with something like this in mind, last week's programme (May 8) had been devoted to a single item, a specially made forty-minute film on 'What does it mean to be a young artist trying to break into the art world, to live by painting?' This was a worth-while experiment, and commendable as an effort to probe into the actual conditions of art here and now. All the same, one was left with a number of minor dissatisfactions. The four young artists concerned, for instance, had been chosen on the basis of the fact that each was to have his first one-man show this summer. What did not emerge was the method of that earlier selection—why and how had these four, out of so many, been picked by the galleries for promotion? Some answer to this question had been implicitly promised by the terms of reference. As it was, we saw four young persons in their studios, we heard their somewhat haltingly expressed artistic theories and ambitions. But of the mysterious leap from private studio to public gallery, nothing. If we were to explore this moderately unpleasant world of tooth and claw, it needed a cold and ironical treatment as uncompromisingly disillusioned as itself.



A painting by a psychiatric patient seen in 'Lifeline' when a consultant psychiatrist spoke on schizophrenia



Still from a cartoon film, *Watch the Birdie*, by R. M. Godfrey and K. M. Learner, shown in 'Personal Cinema'

nently patronizable young man that seemed to have endeared itself to 'Monitor'.

Fashion in painting recurred, incidentally, in 'Lifeline' (May 9), where canvases by schizophrenics looked every bit as acceptable, on current terms, as those by the protégés of 'Monitor'. This programme, which involved the public interviewing of persons cured of schizophrenia, cannot have been easy to make without injuring personal susceptibility.

It is impossible to criticize directly, for the same reason. Instead, I must remark that this again was a programme in which one felt that the sinister side had been, so to speak, over-underemphasized. The consultant psychiatrist waxed eloquent upon the merits of electrical shock treatment. Yet he knows, far better than I, that a strong case is made against present apparently rather indiscriminate application. It is urged that the after-effects of such treatment are to 'blow out' the personality as if it were an overloaded terminal, leaving it listless, incurious, and wan; that, while this is evil certainly to be preferred to insanity, some 50 per cent. of cases right the selves without intervention, in which cases such drastic treatment will have been a disaster. I do not know at all how much truth may lie in these contentions (except that private communication would appear to support them), but they are common currency and should have been met in any programme devoted to this subject, not rather defiantly ignored.

If schizophrenics paint the best modern pictures, electric fish (to judge from the 'Eye on Research' of May 10) write the best modern music—the electronic tape of their emissions, recorded in a river-bed of British Guiana, is a ridiculously satisfying and beautiful 'Personal Cinema' (May 11), a selection of amateur film-making, put the ghastly commercial offerings of 'Picture Parade' (May 10) to shame. Sir Mortimer Wheeler all over the Roman Empire (May 13).

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Indestructible Lonsdale

ENCAPSULATED WITHIN HIS PERIOD yet still exerting a living influence, no playwright embodies the spirit of the West End more completely than Frederick Lonsdale. *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* made its brittle debut in 1925—twenty years later London was given another prolonged opportunity to take leave of her. And if one inspects T. S. Eliot's later plays for their theatrical origins one discerns the presence of Lonsdale on equal terms with that of Sophocles.

Aren't We All?, revived in the Twentieth Century Theatre series (May 15), rivals *Mrs. Cheyney* in indestructibility, first emerging in 1923 and making periodic reappearances, the last being the Haymarket production of 1953. What is it that enables such shallow and insubstantial pieces to survive for so long? I think there are two main reasons. First, Lonsdale's plays have a bold, confident mediocrity; without the wit of Maugham or Coward, they retain an appearance of it—a substitute more acceptable to popular audiences because it gives approximately the same effect without the accompaniment of uncomfortable questions. Secondly, the plays are tailor-made for British actors, inviting the traditional style of elegant external performance. So much so, that when one writes about a Lonsdale play it is natural to slip into the appropriate critical phrases, with talk about scapegraces, ne'er-do-wells, and capital acting.

Aren't We All? is about two scapegraces, father and son, one half-hearted and the other thoroughgoing. Returning from Egypt, the son's wife discovers him in the arms of a celebrated vamp, and promptly declares an estrangement. Nobody takes this very seriously, but the father—a spry old boy given to assignments with over-dressed young persons in the British Museum—sets out to put matters right by confronting the wife with an indiscretion of her own, committed in an Egyptian hotel while masquerading as a Mrs. Spalding. The dialogue goes through the motions of exposing hypocrisy and revealing the emotional instabilities of marriage; but the action reverses this process, reuniting the errant couple in two scenes of unsurpassable smugness, and cutting short the father's dangerous freedom by forcibly marrying him off to the ravenously eager Lady Frinton—a fate to which he submits simply because it is the only way out for a gentleman.



Scene from *Aren't We All?*, with (left to right) Diana Wynyard as Lady Frinton, Fabia Drake as Angela Lynton, Sally Home as the Hon. Mrs. W. Tatham, and Walter Fitzgerald as Lord Grenham

Women, with the force of social morality behind them and with no obligation to behave as gentlemen, hold the whip hand; and Campbell Logan's production worked hard to make the tyranny seem as gentle as possible. Sally Home never let the wife's smile slip, even in moments of vituperation; and Diana Wynyard, as the predatory Frinton, made her implacable advance with bewitching pliability. Walter Fitzgerald, handicapped by a faulty memory, undermined what strength there was on the male side by blustering through the father's lines instead of giving them ironic equanimity.

What the production lacked was the element of poised, self-conscious style, without which one gets little impression of the play's undoubted, if meretricious, theatrical potency. It was to be found only in the small performance by Fabia Drake as the clergyman's wife. Miss Drake has the authentic county hoot, the sure hand with such properties as knitting needles and tea cups, the broad amplitude of gesture which can turn from drawing-room drama to farce with scarcely any modification. Having seen her in the Lonsdale play, and in the first of the new *Whack-O!* series as a discomfited campaigner for Greek folk dancing, I feel she is the one actress who could succeed Margaret Dumont as a foil to Groucho Marx.

An Age of Kings continued confidently on its way with the second part of *Richard II* (May 12). An admirable feature of Michael Hayes's direction was the change of emphasis from tragedy to epic. The big moments came in unexpected places. Bolingbroke's decision to mount the throne, for instance, was heavy with proleptic overtones; and the death of Richard came more as a transient climax than as a point of culmination. The rearrangement of the text in the final scene, plunging one directly into the bustling prose world of *Henry IV*, was an entirely admissible device for stretching the narrative line; and so was the final stroke of action, in which Northumberland impaled a batch of documents to the King's desk with a dagger which stood quivering as a calculated image of inconclusiveness.

Visually the production was more spectacular than the first in the series. Tracking shots of decay and dereliction in the palace intensified the fact of the deposition, and underlined Carlisle's prophecies of national disaster; and the assassination of Richard, a close-up of the face thrust backward in atrocious pain as he was

stabbed from behind, came over with brute physical impact. I was less happy about the trick of having the death speech delivered in a strangled whisper, for its length exhausts the novelty and reduces the idea to the level of a gimmick. David William's Richard was an improvement on his reading of a fortnight before: there was less concern with voice cadences and more concern with sense. The euphuistic conceits, which can easily appear more decorative than dramatic, were thoroughly absorbed into the character; in the quiet, thoughtful delivery of the dungeon soliloquy the poetry flowed directly from the situation. And Mr. William eliminated self-pity at the exact moment at which the spectator's pity is invoked.

The repeat of *Great Expectations* (at an inconveniently early hour) on Wednesdays is amply justified; Colin Jeavons's rueful, bouncing Herbert Pocket, in particular, is one of the best Dickens performances television has had. Fernando Valenti's superb recital of eighteenth-century harpsichord sonatas (May 15) makes me wish that earlier keyboard instruments could displace the inevitable Sunday evening concert grand.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Slop and Nihilism

THE CENTENARY of the birth of J. M. Barrie has been celebrated by a talk calling him 'The Sexless Sentimentalist' (Third Programme, May 8), a 'Children's Hour' play about his life to the age of twenty-five (Home, May 14), and a production of *What Every Woman Knows* (Home, May 9). The children were given a reasonably coherent set of episodes covering the family influences, childhood friendships, early ambitions and struggles of a successful writer, with the dominant relationship with his mother and his unwillingness to leave childhood behind duly emphasized. They were finally encouraged to read Barrie's books, and I was left wondering what on earth they would make of them, and hoping that some of his emotional gymnastics would be meaningless to them.

The life story of Sir James was an extraordinary record of success with handicaps being turned into advantages in a pattern commoner in what is unpleasantly known as 'inspirational biography' than in human experience. It is commonplace now to think his fantasy unhealthy, and easy enough to guess at what was wrong with Barrie. But some explanation of the enormous popularity of his blend of daydream and nightmare, sugar and wormwood, slop and nihilism would be far more interesting if it could be found. In 1908 *What Every Woman Knows* was to many audiences charming, funny, and knowledgeable about life. Last week's radio production by James Crampsey was skilled and sympathetic, but I cannot imagine it creating any reaction but a cold disbelieving dislike.

The propagandist point of the play, however blunted, is that women run the world without letting men know it, and that their benevolent management of puppet-husbands, who believe themselves to be independent strong men, would fail if the truth were known. This flabby paradox, apparently flattering to women, was essentially anti-feminist. Barrie evidently thought 'strong men' were fools, and made his political hero,



David William as the King in the second part of Shakespeare's *Richard II*

John Shand, an unobservant ass who supported women's suffrage but could not see that his wife had been writing his speeches for him.

The play begins with a horrifying scene in which a barbarous Scots family buy an ambitious poor scholar as a husband for Maggie (Effie Morrison), the daughter of the house, who believes herself to be lacking in charm, which is defined as 'a sort of bloom on a woman'. Her loving father and brothers are loathsome about their beloved Maggie: 'for though Maggie is undersized she has a passion for love'. They are made powerful and contemptible at once by their respect for the financial value of education and their pious admiration for the spectacle of 'a Scotsman on the make'. The bloomless Maggie gives her husband charm and political success by adding witty and whimsical 'little touches' to his speeches. There is no lack of 'little touches' in this strange legend of class war and sex war. Upstart and ugly Maggie defeats aristocratic and beautiful Lady Sybil Tenterden (Gwyneth Guthrie) by recommending romance to her husband. A real French countess is at hand to marvel at the cunning of the simple Scots heroine. The final scene in which a triumphant Maggie teaches her demolished husband to laugh at her, not of course at himself, deserves a treble X Certificate for horror. When everyone in sight has been humiliated to the point of suicide it is improbable that artificially induced hearty laughter will be helpful.

Most writing nowadays is at least superficially respectful to women. The short stories of W. W. Jacobs were not, and their revival as half-hour radio plays may be regarded as a last-ditch masculine resistance movement. The plots devised by simple sailormen who have foolishly fallen into the hands of domineering women are often desperate and sure to fail. Their failure when dramatized produces a sad little anticlimax; at least it did in *A Benefit Performance* (Home, May 4). *Taking Pains* (Light, May 10) had a happier ending: it was a likeable tale of the defeat of a woman-supported spiritual healer by a practical-joking male reactionary.

When stories of detection depend heavily upon the unmasking of one of several possible villains they never strike me as being satisfactory in the radio drama form. I am easily deceived as a reader of criminal fiction, but irritably suspicious as a listener. I found myself being cross very early on in *The Hidden Face* (Home, May 14) because I had recognized the enemy, and the hero was still being obtuse about it. The Sherlock Holmes stories cannot be very astonishing any more in matters of plot but the characterization and Holmes's parlour tricks keep them alive and entertaining. The latest two have been gruesome as well. I notice a certain preoccupation with the shapes of human ears in several of these stories. Is it a known idiosyncrasy of the author?

Gale Pedrick's conversation for murderers *And One Makes Two* (Home, May 11) was effective and startling. But he cunningly flattered the listeners by assuming that we would be better detectives than the persons of the drama, and only allowed policemen to be astonished by his final disclosure.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Real News

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the nine o'clock news would not be broadcast from September 19 fell upon us like an unexpected, unnecessary obituary. The nine o'clock news has become a landmark in the daily programmes, and indeed a sort of institution with an international prestige. It has been the news *par excellence*; and one can understand the

television addict who switched off at five to nine, and said: 'And now let's listen to the real news'.

Why has the nine o'clock news been put forward to 10 o'clock? It is 'because a daily service of this kind, to be as useful as possible to listeners, needs to have absolute regularity'. But isn't the nine o'clock news regular enough? What is going to replace it? A ten o'clock programme 'combining news and comment on current affairs which will usually last for thirty minutes'. This period, we are told, 'will be extended when circumstances require it'. I might add we are having this bumper issue five days a week. Shall we have it as well as 'Matters of Moment', 'At Home and Abroad', Radio Link', 'Radio Newsreel', 'Today in Parliament', and the occasional talk at 9.15, not to mention the Light Programme news at 10.30? It is rather as if we were promised one of those hundredweight Sunday newspapers every single day of the week; and personally I find the prospect far from pleasing. And this is not merely a question of conservatism, of wanting to maintain a tradition (though, in this case, I think the tradition should be maintained). In my opinion, the announcement that the new programme is to combine news and comment is far from reassuring. The B.B.C. should keep news and comment absolutely distinct. It should not concede too much to popularity; and it should cater for listeners (though they are only 1,000,000) who like to have the news straight, and form their own opinions. The powers that be seem to me to have shown a curious disregard for one of the most respected programmes in sound broadcasting.

The Third Programme may be congratulated on Mr. David Daiches's devastating talk on J. M. Barrie (May 8). This was reprinted in THE LISTENER last week, but the printed word cannot do it entire justice. This was far from the hagiography one might have expected; and it does not hurt, from time to time, to celebrate a centenary with whole-hearted iconoclasm. And then, after all, bad reviews are not always destructive: if bad reviews are bad enough, they send us straight to the books to see if they are really quite as lamentable as that.

The tercentenary of the Restoration is being celebrated on the grand scale by the Talks and Features Department; and Mr. Maurice Cranston was the first to cheer the Stuarts in 'Sovereignty' (Third Programme, May 11). This was an imaginary conversation in May 1660, on the eve of the landing at Dover; and Aubrey, Hobbes, and Evelyn, Colonel Hutchinson and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper discussed the theory of monarchy and all its conflicting virtues and weaknesses. It was a frank, hard-hitting discussion, with no holds barred. The republican challenged the ardent royalist, the calculating liberal, the mordant realist; and John Aubrey buzzed about them all like a gadfly, stinging them sharply into their responses. It was a scholarly programme that must have satisfied the seventeenth-century specialists, while it taught the lay listener a good deal. Mr. Douglas Cleverdon produced it with his customary distinction.

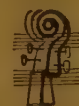
It was sad to leave the golden days of good King Charles for the Pentland Firth of 1960; and 'The Road to Downreay' (Home Service, May 11) was, I thought, a rather dreary programme. With diverse flashbacks to Rutherford, Becquerel, and Mme Curie (oh, the dreadful broken English we're sometimes given!) we traced the chain of scientific discovery that has led to breeder reactors; and we learnt from some of the Atomic Energy Authority what they are doing and what they hope to achieve.

'Scrapbook for 1910' was the seventieth new production since Mr. Leslie Baily started his 'Scrapbooks' in 1933. So it was appropriate (if unintentional) that the Third Programme should

mark the occasion with 'Paste and Paper Everywhere' (May 12). Mr. J. E. Hinder's satire on light documentaries kept one hardening critic very happy. It was a scrapbook for 'the year that saw the end of an era', the year when the common carrot was crossed with the cornflower in Bechuanaland and (to the strains of the *Enigma Variations*) the blue carrot was born. 'Spring came early that year, and after their victory over Papua, the Australian cricketers...' Mr. Hinder himself scored well and the ubiquitous Mr. Carleton Hobbs, fired from the Restoration on Wednesday, was the one to give the running commentary.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



'The Trojans

I FANCY THAT not even the most staunch Berliozians will deny that much is lost in a sound broadcast of *The Trojan*. It is so spectacular, and in more than one sense. If you were fortunate enough to have seen the magnificent Covent Garden production, from which on May 10, in the Third Programme, the broadcast was taken, then you could not fail to be haunted by it. I found the five-hour programme exhilarating for this reason alone. But then the music of *The Trojans* is sometimes spectacular in itself, a point which might escape one in the theatre but not in hearing the music over the air. What, for instance, could the listener be expected to make of the off-stage brass band and chorus in the final scene of Act I announcing the arrival, far in the distance, of the Trojan soldiers, while Cassandra well within earshot, proclaims her astonishment. The music here is pretty ordinary but in the theatre this becomes a scene of magical illusion. Over the air the combination of remote piping and harsh interjections from the orchestra in the pit could not possibly create this illusion.

The performance was, on the whole, good. As Cassandra Amy Shuard has grown considerably, and Jon Vickers as Aeneas negotiates his long and difficult part with his customary ease and robustness. Towards the end, however, his voice was inclined to spread, and some of the psychological tension in his big aria in the scene of the Trojan fleet was lost. The Dido Kerstin Meyer was remarkable for its vibrancy and warmth. What is required for this passionate part is a well-sustained middle register and the Madame Meyer certainly has. She also has a voice that climbs very well over the ascending chromatic intervals. The orchestra and chorus under John Pritchard were obviously on the mettle, and a word must be given to the beautifully played horn solo in 'The Royal Hunt'.

Fidelio, the following evening on the Home Service, struck me, by comparison, as the almost ideal opera for broadcasting. This was a stupendous performance with the well-groomed cast from Sadler's Wells; and here, on the matter of stage effects, it was remarkable how telling was the distant trumpet call heralding the arrival of Don Fernando. I have nothing but praise for this Sadler's Wells cast and also for the orchestral playing under Rudolf Schwarz, distinguished by a rhythmic alertness and live, pulsing tempos. Particularly pleasing was Elizabeth Fretwell's Leonora. She has not a traditional Leonora voice: it is bright, even sparkling, as if one wanted to pick holes in the casting. It would be justified, I suppose, in finding that Fretwell's voice too near in colour and texture to the lyric soprano part of Marcellina, sung by Ava June. Indeed, there is a passage in the finale of Act II where they both reach up to B flat and where, even with the score, it is hardly possible to distinguish between the



Divers helmets, a reflection of

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16) 6d. Weekdays and Bank Holi-
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The men were equally fine, particularly the splendidly controlled Florestan of Ronald Dowd. It was a pleasure to be able to catch the words, and most of them, in Dent's translation, improved upon by the introduction of one or two colloquialisms.

I had not heard Stravinsky's Septet, played at the 'Thursday Invitation Concert' last week (Third) since it was first given seven years ago. In this short time we have grown accustomed to Stravinsky's contrapuntal phase, of which the Septet was one of the first indications. Some people think it is still his purest contrapuntal work. On its first performance, at an international gathering in Rome, it passed over our heads, for no one could be expected to grasp

without some preparation the sophisticated jugglings with augmentations, diminutions, and inversions of themes constituting, like a piece of higher mathematics, the work's abstract musical argument. The three movements, playing a mere twelve minutes, include a highly concentrated passacaglia, proceeding from and disappearing into nothingness, and a gigue fitted together out of constantly changing eight-note rows. If you have the patience to unravel these complexities the work becomes, paradoxically, a marvel of clarity. It may be that in time Stravinsky's Septet will be accepted like the contrapuntal works of earlier periods. But I doubt if this time has yet come. For the moment, at any performance, close scrutiny of the score is advised.

People who are interested in seeing a composer's mind at work must have been impressed with Benjamin Frankel's Violin Concerto in the programme 'The Living Composer' in the Home Service on May 13. One hears a vast orchestra accompanying the solo violin. Composers who score in this way know that they have to be skilful to use brass and percussion so lavishly without smothering the violin's thin, eloquent line. Frankel is a brilliant orchestrator and the violin is never smothered. On the contrary, against the orchestral hubbub it is made to stand out all the more conspicuously. It is a moving work, and full justice was done to it by Suzanne Rozsa.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER



Key, Ostinato, Row

By HANS KELLER

Britten's 'Sinfonia da Requiem' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Sunday, May 22 (Third)

IT IS GOOD for one and good for truth to cool down and discover the sense behind those stupidities which remains one's duty to fight. A few years ago one of our leading music critics made himself unpopular among informed musicians when he insisted that the tone-row was an ostinato. He did not do much harm because most people knew better anyway, and when Matyas Seiber retorted that Schoenberg had not written an ostinato in his life, that seemed to be that. Everybody can see the force of Seiber's remark: Schoenberg's creative character is anti-repetitive as Stravinsky's is, in his own words, 'anti-development'. Nevertheless, there are a few ostinatos and ostinato-like devices in Schoenberg's works, and they always appear at significant junctures.

Most significant, perhaps, is the point where tonality dissolves at the beginning of the finale in his Second Quartet (heard over the radio the other week), and where we encounter a form-building passage of strict imitation treated in ostinato-like fashion. Since, at the same time, the construction is palpably pre-serial, our music critic's view seems, for one brief but all-important moment in musical history, almost right. Was he aware of this passage, of its nature? Of course not. All the same, the motive behind his misinformation was to the point as well as off it: he thought in terms of repeated entities holding things together. What he did not think was that there were entities and entities, and that a tone-row had more in common with a tonic triad than with a basic ostinato. It is for this very reason that the tone-row tends to replace key, while the ostinato tends to support or complement it.

At that stage in the Second Quartet, however, where Schoenberg, 'feeling the air from another planet', had for the first time lost sight of key and not yet found the row, he was holding things together with all the power, all the means of his disposal, and the parent or grandparent of the row—the melodic motive with fixed intervals—entered into a union with ostinato technique that was none the less blissful for being necessarily short-lived.

At a later stage, ostinato and monothematicism on the one hand, and the tone-row on the other, became our age's alternative methods of unification; key alone, even where still functionally present, would no longer readily suffice to hold contrasts together.

Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*, a twenty-year-old masterpiece that has remained his only big orchestral work to date, is dominated by mono-

thematicism and ostinato techniques. At the same time, Britten would not be Britten if he did not achieve the impossible, the also-possible: genius is the power to see necessity in impossibility. Just as Schoenberg, with seeming incongruity, enlists the ostinato in the sonata context of his Quartet finale, so Britten draws the sonata into the ostinato world of his Symphony. Ostinato, the 'anti-development' procedure *par excellence*, embraces the sonata, the developmental structure *par excellence*. Now, inevitably in view of his creative character, Britten's few sonata forms renounce polythematicism. But he more than compensates for the relative lack of thematic contrasts by diversities of harmonic structure such as the more conventionally sonata-minded have rarely attempted. Consider the way in which the recapitulation of the sonata movement in this symphony, i.e., of the opening *Lacrymosa*, overlaps with the development section. The tonic pedal of the beginning has become a dominant pedal over which the theme enters and unfolds until, in the middle of it, a *fortissimo* climax is reached where tonic chord and tonic pedal establish the tonal recapitulation. This telescoping of development section and recapitulation is the greatest single master-stroke in the work, and one of the master-strokes of the century. Not since Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, in whose first movement the tonic arrives in the middle of the recapitulation of the second subject, has a split-up between thematic and harmonic recapitulation been achieved with such natural consistency.

At the same time, this climax might strain the total tonal coherence of the movement beyond its breaking point if Britten did not again compensate—this time in the opposite direction, that of unity rather than diversity. The compensation takes the form of a *pre-caution*, in that the first subject returns in, and so confirms, the tonic *before* the development section: an unofficial 'recapitulation' adopting part of the role of the official one. Prokofiev, in the first movement of his Fifth Symphony, pays exactly the same insurance money for distinctly slighter risks.

Not unnaturally from the standpoint of the programme of the *Sinfonia da Requiem*, tonal disintegration becomes a real threat in the *Dies Irae* that is the central scherzo. The key signature is D minor, but prior to the four-bar lead-back, there simply is no such key; any stressed D has strictly dominant function (G major). And even at the end, when everything has gone to pieces, we get the glowing ashes of the tonic

rather than the tonic itself, for the obstinate D resumes its dominant implication (G minor now) in the broken texture. Our harmony-conscious critics who say that Schoenberg's tone-rows exist only 'on paper' have never yet applied their aural conscience to the D minor signature of this movement. Would they hear the music to be in D minor without the 'paper' in front of them? The fact is that, as such, this home key is far more inaudible than the most retiring of Schoenberg's tone-rows. I am not criticizing Britten: the movement is composed *against* the background of D minor, and at moments of crisis composers are always inclined to invoke the magic of the printed page. The key signature says: this is what has been pushed into the background, but not destroyed. Only two questions remain: does the movement retain its unity, and does the key retain its significance?

With the help of ostinato technique and thematicism, the movement retains its unity. And with the help of yet another act of precautionary compensation, the background significance of the key is preserved too. For D is not only the background tonic of the scherzo, but also the foreground tonic of the outer movements: the first is likewise in D minor, the concluding *Requiem in Aeternam* in D major. This unitarian key scheme, which I call 'homotonal', appears only very rarely in mature symphonic structures, because normally key contrast is the aim. Yet there are symphonic or quasi-symphonic precedents: Mozart's oboe-clarinethorn-bassoon *Sinfonia concertante*, Beethoven's E major Sonata Op. 109, and Brahms's first Piano Concerto.

Nowhere, then, does Britten's sense of key show its strength more clearly than when his keys seem weakest. In the circumstances, and in view of his monothematic turn of mind, it is unlikely that he will ever need the tone-row in order to hold things together; his recent flirtations with it are much more a function of his creative curiosity: he is reinterpreting, toward himself, what is happening around him. Stravinsky's tone-rows, too, are a luxury rather than a necessity: now as always, the master is enjoying the luxury of asceticism.

The need for the tone-row arises, pre-eminently, in polythematic, developmental music. Some of our young dodecaphonies as well as most of our old fogies hold that sonata stands and falls with key. I take the opposite view: it is the sub-thematic tone-row which makes large-scale thematic contrasts and their developments possible again.

Gardening to be done in May

By F. H. STREETER

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR strawberries claim first attention in the garden. Hoe the bed twice if you can manage it, before the flowers open and the stems lengthen. Next, place straw close round the plants for the fruit to rest on. Tuck it well up to the plants; unless you do, it somehow works away and leaves the fruit on the soil, which makes it gritty. Then put the netting over well above the plants. This not only breaks the wind but will ward off a slight frost. This early netting seems to put the birds off, too. There is every promise of a bumper crop this year.

Where you grow the perpetual varieties of strawberries, you will find the first truss showing; nip this off. That will give a good succession of fruit from the end of July to Christmas, if we get no frost to spoil it. You can safely plant these perpetual strawberry plants now and get a crop this autumn.

Keep the ground round the raspberries free from weeds and thin down the young shoots from the base, leaving the best and strongest growth to form next year's fruiting canes. Give a good mulch with the best compost, manure, or leaf soil you have, and if the weather continues dry a good soaking will help their surface roots. The flower trusses grow fast: dust them with derris powder to keep away the raspberry beetle.

The spring cabbage is a problem this year. Even though the seed was treated when it was sown, the fly got at it and played havoc, and with the pigeons eating the leaves cabbages have



Water-lily Escarboucle

had a rough deal. A way to stop pigeons is to string green medical twine on bamboos four feet above the ground, criss-crossing it. A sixpenny ball will cover a lot of ground.

I wish more people would try to grow a few rows of celeriac. This is nothing like celery, as

you know it, but turnip-rooted. It is perfectly easy to grow on rich ground, with each plant a foot apart and a foot between each row. Keep the soil and the lower leaves clean as the bulb grows. They love plenty of water like the celery itself. There is no earthing-up or blanching. When the roots are fully-grown, lift and store in the shed in sand and use it as you wish.

This is the time to plant water-lilies too, if you have a pool. They are not difficult to grow. Put the roots in small wicker baskets filled with loam and cow dung mixed. Place the crown in the centre and put a few stones on the top of the soil to keep it in place until it is well settled in the water and the roots are working well. There is a large variety of water-lilies to pick from: a few first-class sorts are Escarboucle, with large wine-coloured flowers; Gladstoneiana with large white ones; James Brydon which is carmine red; Dawn, white with pink sepals; and Chrysantha, a pale yellow. You can also grow them in tubs or barrels cut in half. If you grow them this way, three-parts fill the tub with loam and cow dung, plant the water-lily in the centre, and keep the tub filled with water. Any of the Laydeckerii section are suitable varieties for this type of culture.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum

An Inter-City Par Contest

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



A NEW SERIES, an Inter-City Par Contest, began in the programme broadcast on May 15, when Liverpool (Mr. E. L. Figgis, Mr. K. Barbour, Mrs. J. L. Richardson, and Mr. L. G. Helm) met Reading (Mr. B. Bouchier, Mr. E. Crowhurst, Mr. C. Lawson, and Mr. A. Wardman). In Par contract the players are faced with a specially prepared deal and are awarded points for their bidding, lead, and play. Whatever contract is reached at the table, the hand has to be played in a directed contract. This was the first of these test hands: dealer North, at Game All:

NORTH			
♠	A Q 6 5 4		
♥	A 7 2		
♦	8 7 6		
♣	A K		
WEST		EAST	
♠	K 9 8	♠	7
♥	J	♥	Q 10 9 6 5 3
♦	A K J 10 9 2	♦	5 3
♣	Q 10 3	♣	J 6 5 4
SOUTH			
♠	J 10 3 2		
♥	K 8 4		
♦	Q 4		
♣	9 8 7 2		

For Liverpool, Mr. Figgis and Mr. Barbour had no difficulty in reaching Four Spades on the North-South cards, and for that they scored a maximum five points, although East-West forfeited two points for not bidding at all in defence. The directed contract was Four Spades, played by North, and East led the five of diamonds.

There are three critical plays in the hand, each of which was awarded points, and each of which was duly found by the Liverpool players. Although there are only two diamonds on the table, West should, and did, continue with a third round of diamonds. On the third round East should ruff in the hope that by forcing declarer to over-ruff with the ten he may promote a trump trick in his partner's hand. East ruffed with the seven but North, Mr. Figgis, saw the danger and refused to over-ruff, electing instead to discard a heart from the table. He had matched good defence with good dummy play and earned his side a further five points, giving it a total of thirteen out of a possible fifteen.

The Reading team bid to Three Spades only, and were possibly unlucky to lose points for this since it was a very close game call. East-West did all that was expected of them when they

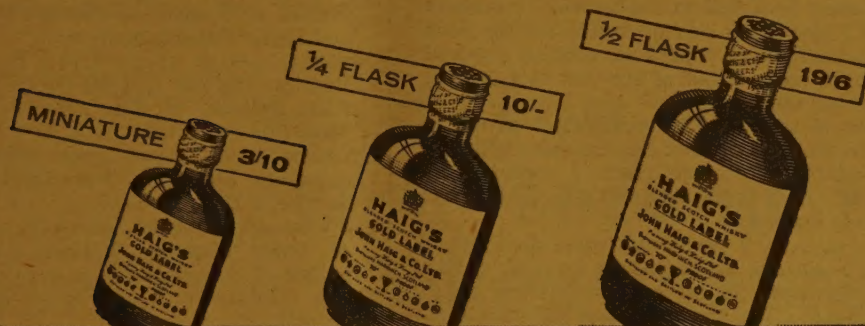
began with three rounds of diamonds and East ruffed the third round. North over-ruffed and struggle as he might, there was now no way to escape two further losers.

It is surprising how many times an experienced player can be caught out with a loser-on-loser play. This type of play can appear in many guises: it is a practical play and one always to keep in mind since there are so many opportunities for its use. North, in this hand, had to do no more than recognize that he had an inescapable loser in the heart suit. Had he done so it would not have been difficult to progress to the next step and concede it to the seven of spades, a concession that was surely safe and possibly profitable.

Spotlight on Card Play, published next week by Nicholas Kaye at 16s., by Robert Darvas and Paul Lukacs with a foreword by Ewart Kempson, is a first-class and original book for those who want to improve their play at contract bridge. The authors are Hungarian. Darvas, a master of bridge and chess, died in 1957, but the book was completed by his friend, Lukacs, and is now admirably edited for British readers by Norman Hart. The authors give a number of excellent hands and demonstrate how a player should think about them and deal with them on a logical basis. It is the kind of book which reminds the reader that bridge is a game of skill and not of chance.

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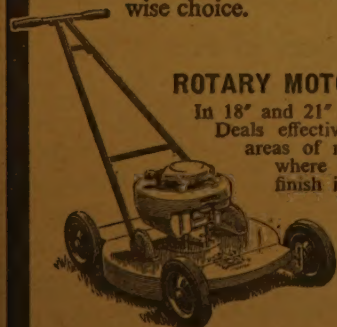
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For the Housewife

Cupboards and Shelves

By ADRIENNE SPANIER



IF YOU ARE building in bookcases, do not simply build shelves and fix them to the wall. I always copy the skirting of the room, and fix this to the front of the bookcase, so that the bottom shelf starts at the level of the top of the skirting. This makes it look as if the bookcase had been built with the house. And if the room has a dado rail I copy this too, and fix it along the top of the bookcase.

My first principle when building in cupboards is that they must suit the room. If it is a modern room with flush doors, the fitment must have flush doors too; but, if the room has a panelled door, I also make the doors of the fitment panelled. A cupboard built to the ceiling looks smaller than one that does not reach all the way up: one does not notice that it projects, and it seems to sink back into the room more satisfactorily. This has other advantages too, for if it does not reach to the ceiling the space above it is a dust-trap. It is also a temptation to stow things away on top, and this always looks a mess. It is better to make the top section into a cupboard too, and stow the things out of sight. Even if there is not sufficient height to build a

storage cupboard above the main cupboard, I still fill in the space—this can be done with hardboard—and I decorate this piece to match the walls of the room.

In kitchens I think there should be as many cupboards and shelves as one can possibly afford. Here, it is even more essential to build the cupboards up to the ceiling, to avoid a dust-trap.

A shelf for trays is useful—they fall all over the place if they are only propped up—and I like a small bookshelf in the kitchen for cookery books. I also like a sort of lectern for the book I am actually using while I am cooking a special dish, as it keeps it out of the way and saves it from being spotted.

I live in a small flat, and when I moved in I found the most difficult thing to cope with was the problem of storage space. I solved it by building a deep cupboard up to the ceiling above a door in the hall.

In a nursery, if people can spare the space, I advise a separate toy cupboard for each child: it saves grown-ups' nerves because there is less quarrelling. I like the cupboards at floor level, so that they become a sort of garage for the

toys, and it is easy for the small children to put their things away themselves.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

MELVIN J. LASKY (page 867): co-editor of *Encounter*; author of *The Hungarian Revolution*

KATHLEEN STAHL (page 869): has lived and worked in Tanganyika; author of *British and Soviet Colonial Systems*

MAURICE SHOCK (page 871): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University; editor (with Alan Bullock) of *The Liberal Tradition from Fox to Keynes*

STEPHAN SCHATTMANN (page 873): talks assistant, European Talks and English Service, B.B.C., 1951-54

SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD (page 879): Professor of Town Planning, London University; author of *Design in Town and Village*, etc.

OWEN HOLLOWAY (page 880): author of *Graphic Art of Japan*

Crossword No. 1,564

A la Mode

By ffancy

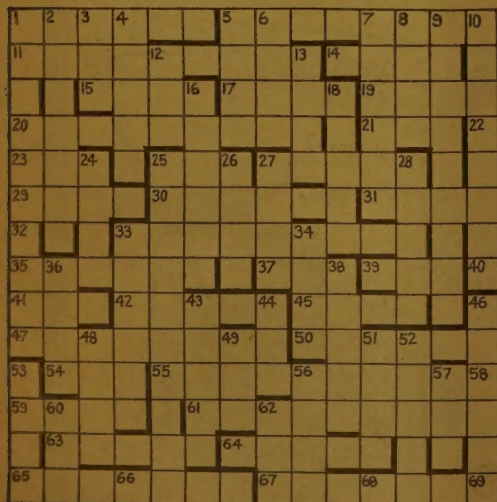
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

The letters A to G, where they occur in answers to clues, are to be regarded as notes of the Mixolydian mode, which begins with A. These are to be 'transposed', before being entered in the diagram, into four other modes, one each for across, back, down and up lights. For example, if CABBAGE had to be transposed into the Dorian mode, which begins with E, it would become GEFEDB. Reading from 7 to 22, 5 to 40, 4 to 58, 1 to 69, 20 to 68, 32 to 67 and 53 to 66, is a fairly relevant quotation (in which the letters A to G remain in the Mixolydian mode). The seventeen clues marked with an asterisk are in the form of a definition, the first word or words of the clue, and, 'hidden' elsewhere in the clue, a mixture of the letters of the answer.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Vigorous introduction to Schumann incidental music with beautiful finale (6)



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

BACK

11. Play around with manuals? Oo! How irregular! (9)
14. Scandinavian composer, not English, provides material for this merry songster (4)
15. Semibreve-shaped zygotes (4)
17. The violin's sound-post is an essential part (4)
19. Love piece for an anniversary (4)
25. It shows how much work has been accomplished in a Debussy piano suite (3)
*27. Extreme contempt shown for Chopin's orchestration (5)
30. Rob Roy, for example (6)
33. Applaud between movements—in Britain, at any rate (9)
35. Essential to all but the most concrete music (6)
37. Encore? On the contrary, but akin to one (3)
*42. Predecessor of rock'n'roll comes next: throw no pebbles, please! (5)
*47. It's funny, in a way—in oratorio, clarinets seldom have big parts (8)
*50. Movements composed by Brahms or Donizetti (6)
*59. Descended to skiffle? Lamentable! (4)
61. One's homes can get so disarranged by these foreign interpreters! (9)
*64. The French care so much for pretentious chorales (5)
67. Style, often sing-song, of which pupils of 61 may be guilty? (7)

DOWN

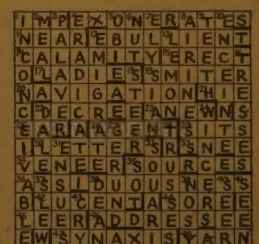
2. Well-bred—like Goossens and Ysaÿe? (7)
*4. Demand for opera climbs ever higher (5)
6. The burden of composing a musical work with one piano replaced by an indefinite number (4)
*10. Early form of unorthodoxy detected in highbrows' miniature scores (8)
12. The musical 'public' (3)
13. Agricultural type of oboe repertoire (4)
16. Does the long-haired musician suffer more from this? (6)

18. In *Fausto*, a tenor wears a white coat during the winter season (5)
*25. Of a wise ruler, it is said that he only considers violins an ephemeral pleasure (10)
26. Unmusical sound heard north of the border (4)
*28. Grounds for believing that in music's future all is lost (5)
33. Thoroughly unmusical keyboard performance (6)
34. Bars, largely from violins—playing sea-shanties? (4)
36. Non-musical circles, one of which is exemplified in Schubert (4)
38. They might make a point of preferring Schönberg to Schumann (5)
43. Short works, put in at the end of the performance, often cut (5)
48. Remove the first note—it's very loud (4)
*51. Deserves, at one time, a reputation for interpreting Bruckner symphonies (4)
56. In this style we have the theme at the beginning and the chorus at the end (4)
57. Veto often exercised in musical directions (3)
60. What one of the first violins did (3)

UP

1. Lully's lovely lyrical lullabies, for example, or Lavel's *Boîte à loto* (10)
3. Can the young man only get half-way through the work in several movements? (3)
*5. Prolonged work, even as madrigals go (4)
7. Sponsorial Act I, *Carmen*, shows some concern with important part of our liquid diet (6)
8. Used for writing first parts of Bizet's *Roma* (4)
9. The average property-owning democrat is quite upset by a repeated note on a mute, truncated trombone (9)
24. . . . and —, Beside me singing in the wilderness . . . (4)
27. Shocking performance of the *Ring* just makes one smile (4)
44. Four-handed arrangement of *Die Lustige Witwe* selection (3)
*46. Part of sacred work in which a German composer is plagiarized . . . (6)
*49. . . . scoundrel steals whole phrases from Bruch! (3)
52. Two shocking performances of the *Ring* merely used to make one grunt! (5)
*53. In Indonesia *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* is highly esteemed (4)
62. 3 of Scotland leads Saint-Saëns a dance, so to speak (3)

Solution of No. 1,562



1st prize: F. E. Vernon Swindell (Nottingham);
2nd prize: Mrs. R. Wilkinson (Hitchin); 3rd prize: J. B. Wilkinson (Hampton)

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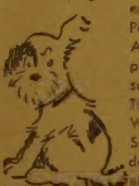
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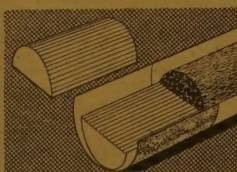
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